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THE BYSTANDER
April 17, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

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The Secret Agent's Wife

by Olga L. Rosmanith

... Harry said formally, " Sheila, this is Mr. Guise and this is Mr. Hendrikson. Gentlemen, Mrs. Warren—my wife."

They rose and bowed stiffly. " Sit down again, please," she said. " Don't mind me. I 've come back for a warmer coat and I 'm going right out again."

" I think not," said the dark, swarthy one. Adding, as he saw her look of swift anger, " I mean I hope not. We, too, would enjoy your company."

" Sit down, Sheila." Harry pulled out the chair next to him and looked at her with a desperate appeal in his eyes as if he were trying to tell her something. All right, she thought, I 'll play up. She threw her hat on the striped satin sofa, pulled off her gloves and sat down.

" Sheila," said Harry, " these gentlemen are under a misapprehension. They think we can be bought into the spy game. Now you know very well I married you for love, but it doesn't alter the fact that with your fortune we don't need to risk our necks. We have money to burn."

Her stomach fluttered with fear and excitement. " We certainly have," she said lightly, taking the bundle of banknotes from her pocket-book and tossing them over to him. Harry peeled off the outer one and touched it to Hendrikson's glowing cigar-tip.

Both men grabbed Harry's wrist. Guise snatched the note and crushed out the flame with his fingers. " Himmel ! That elementary trick."

Hendrikson, the dark one, smoothed the singed note on the table, stared at it closely back and front, took a phial from his pocket, and wiped it over with the liquid. Sheila saw the little muscle in Harry's cheek move as if he remained motionless with intense effort. But he said in a bored voice, " It is just what it appears to be—an untouched genuine Bank of England note."

She saw the black hairs on the thick mottled hand that tossed it to her across the table. " You may have it back," said the hand's owner.

She left it lying there.

" All the same," said the thin, beak-nosed Guise, who looked like a well-dressed vulture, " we might as well finish the job and search the woman."

Sheila leapt to her feet, reckless with fury. " If either of you dare lay——"

Harry caught her arm. " Be quiet, Sheila—please. This is just one of those things. Our visitors have a duty to perform. I do somewhat resemble a man they seek. The sooner they are convinced I am not that person, the sooner this little session will be over. It will help if you co-operate."

" But, Harry——"

" *Please,* Sheila. We have nothing to hide. But you will bring on us endless annoyance if you make them think you are up to some trickery."

" Oh, very well ! "

But she was blazing with temper when the two men had satisfied themselves with impersonal expert thoroughness that she carried nothing suspicious on her person, had treated with chemicals all the rest of the paper money she had brought in, had apologised to her insincerely and had gone. She turned the snib on the door after them and leaned against it. " Well, really, Major Warren, what *is* this thing you let me in for ? "

" A case of mistaken identity, as I told you."

" But you said——"

This is an extract from a fine story you will long to finish . . . it 's in the April issue !

These contents are included in the 100 pages of entertainment

HERE ARE TWO OF THE FIVE LONG COMPLETE STORIES

THEY LIVE AGAIN

By J. H. Stafford

Trent was a brilliant fighter pilot, but he himself was hard to handle. However, a terrific aerial combat with several enemy bombers clears the air and brings an understanding between Trent and his new C.O.

WINGED TERRORS

By Garnett Ratcliffe

This amazing story tells of a French outpost who hear increased activity in the enemy lines. Suddenly a terrific barrage commences and through the flame and smoke strange-looking tanks are seen to fly over the tank-traps and race forward to attack. Here is a glimpse into a future that may yet come true.

HERE ARE TWO OF THE SIX ENTHRALLING ARTICLES

ADVENTURERS OF ENGLAND

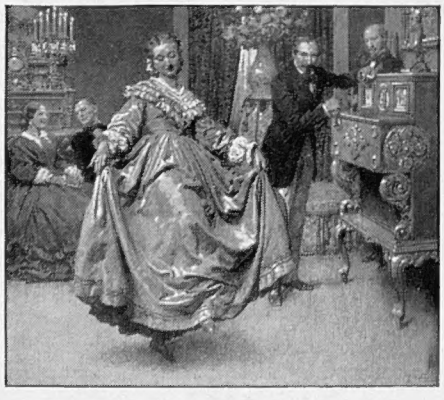
By C. Fox Smith

This enthralling narrative tells of the growth of the Hudson Bay Company. In the early seventeenth century a few gentlemen adventurers set out to trade in furs—a small beginning which meant the acquisition of millions of miles of territory for Britain.

OLD TALES RE-TOLD

Written and Illustrated by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

The latest article in this series tells the pathetic life-story of Eugénie, the last Empress of the French. The illustration on left shows the ill-fated Empress in a merry dance, while the Emperor turns the handle of an instrument resembling a street organ.



HERE ARE A FEW FEATURES WITHIN THE HOME SECTION

FASHIONS

Four pages of new ensembles—hats, frocks, coats, suits, jackets and intriguing decorations; presented by Jean Burnup.

BEAUTY

Three pages of delightful new hair styles worn by famous film stars will help you choose your 1940 coiffure. Also four pages of beauty hints for busy women on or off duty.

HOME FURNISHING

Bright new Spring curtains and interesting colour schemes and room designs. Four pages of ideas which will bring a spring tonic to tired homes.

COOKERY

Two pages of wartime dishes, cheap to buy and simple to prepare. Also valuable advice on vegetable growing for wartime needs.

BRITANNIA AND EVE

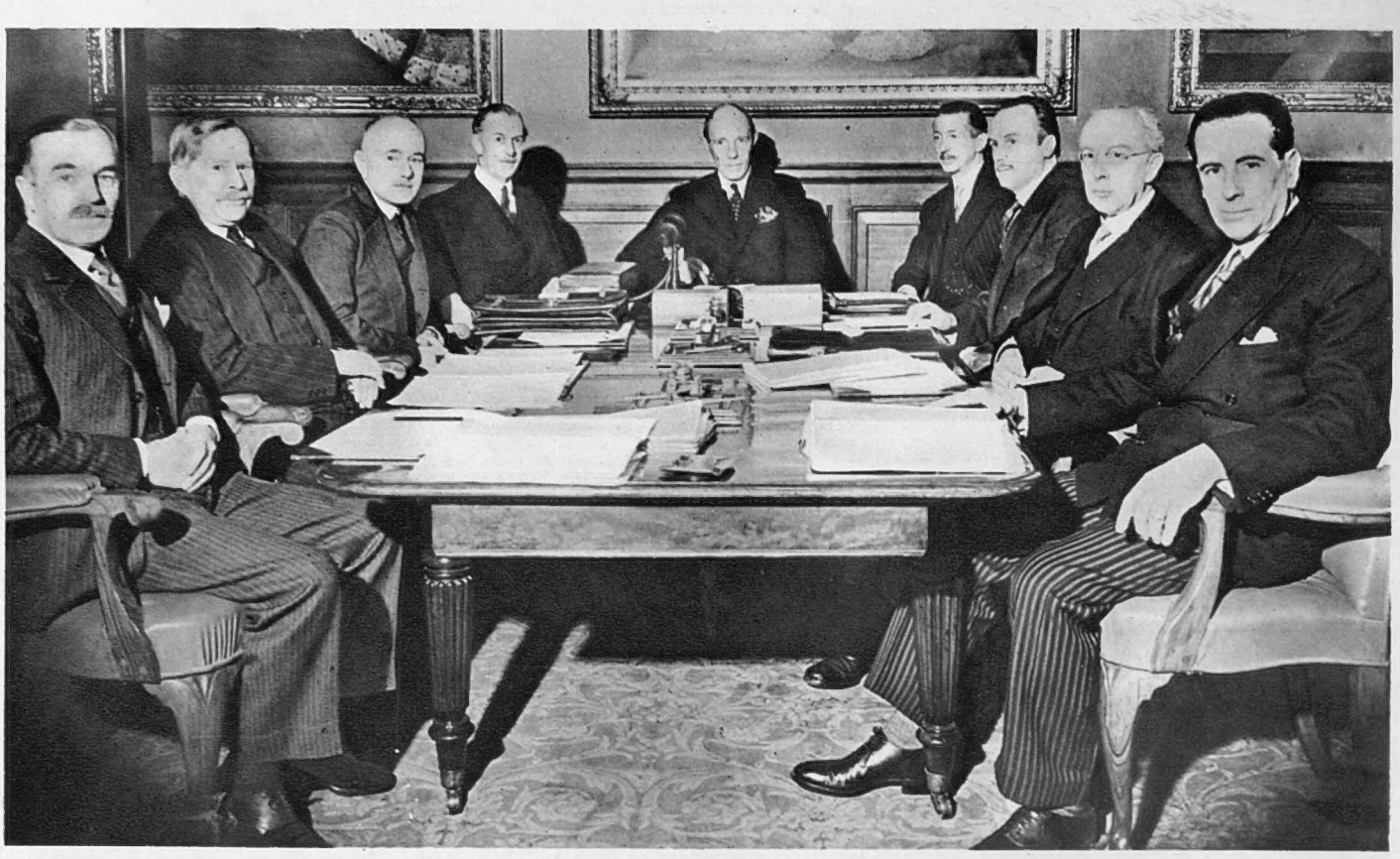
APRIL ISSUE ON SALE NOW—AT ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSTALLS

The Bystander

Anthony

Pamela May Is Engaged

Pamela May, one of the leading dancers of the Vic-Wells ballet company, has just announced her engagement to a young Lieutenant in the Royal Marines, Painton S. Cowen, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Painton Cowen, of Mawchi, Burma. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. May, of 53, Lee Terrace, Blackheath. They are to be married soon, but Pamela May is not giving up her career as a dancer. She is to have an important part in Ninette de Valois' new ballet, *The Prospect of Things to Come* (music by William Boyce, arranged Constant Lambert; decor by Roger Furse, after Rowlandson; theme, an incident of the eighteenth-century ballet world), which will be produced at the Wells in June. During the present season a revival of *Coppelia*, with the third act added to the former Wells production, and new dresses and decor by William Chappell, was given on Monday night, and a new ballet by Frederick Ashton, *The Wise and Foolish Virgins* (with Bach music and Rex Whistler setting), is due on April 24th



Envoys from the South and East of Europe went into conference with Lord Halifax at the Foreign Office a few hours after they had all gathered in London last Monday. Seated around the table here are Ronald I. Campbell, Minister to Yugoslavia; Sir Reginald Hoare, Minister to Rumania; Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen, Ambassador to Turkey; Sir Percy Loraine, Ambassador to Italy; the Foreign Secretary; Sir William Seeds, Ambassador to Russia; Sir Michael Palairet, Minister to Greece; Owen St. Clair O'Malley, Minister to Hungary; George Rendel, Minister to Bulgaria. Their discussion of Balkan affairs (and particularly the British economic drive in the Near East) took on fresh significance with the news of Germany's attack on Scandinavian neutrality and the resultant apprehension among Balkan neutrals. One of the most important speeches on the situation created by the latest German aggression was made by Lord Halifax on Wednesday at the National Defence Public Interest Committee luncheon

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

As I write, the German invasion of Scandinavia has only just begun, and by the time this appears in print almost anything may have happened. Rumours succeed rumours every hour or so. At one moment the Gneisenau has been sunk by coastal batteries in the Oslo Fjord, and five minutes later the Gneisenau is steaming northwards to engage the British Fleet, while an hour afterwards the Gneisenau is securely moored in Kiel Harbour. One or two things, however, have already emerged as being certain, or at least as certain as anything can be in this uncertain world.

For example, it is certain that the German invasion was planned, down to the last detail, weeks before we laid the mines in Norwegian waters. Such a complicated manœuvre could not possibly have been undertaken at a moment's notice. Another thing that is certain is that the Germans have embarked upon the most hazardous of all military operations—namely, a combined land-and-sea attack without the command of the sea. So far as I know, history has no record of such an enterprise succeeding on a large scale, and there are a hundred examples of such an enterprise failing.

But there is another angle to this. The German commanders, even if they are lacking in imagination and sense of psychology, know their history. They are at least painstaking students, and they must be fully aware of the risk they are running in landing forces at Bergen and Narvik and leaving a line of communication across the British Navy. It would, therefore, appear at first sight as if the entire operation is only a feint to draw off the Allies' attention from a major operation to be undertaken elsewhere. The advantages to be gained even from a full-dress occupation of the Norwegian coast are comparatively small, and the advantages to be gained from a minor occupation are practically nil. I cannot help feeling that this is only a prelude.

It is impossible obviously for me to make any forecast of the action of Sweden. But at the moment the old story is being repeated. Sweden would not help Finland for fear that Germany might attack her, so Finland was allowed to go down. Is Sweden any further off a German attack now that Finland has gone down than she was when Field-Marshal Mannerheim was standing heroically upon his Line? Has Sweden gained by taking the short view and hoping for the best?

I now propose to give a gentle word of advice to all strangers within our gates of whatever nationality they may be, whether from the States which Hitler has overrun or from great Republics across the sea. The word of advice is this: Never cry querulously "What *is* the Navy doing? What is the Navy *for*?" No citizen of the British Empire ever dreams of asking that question, because, ever since the days of Alfred, more than a thousand years ago, the Navy has been keeping the seas for freedom, and there is the instinctive knowledge of a thousand years of what exactly is implied by those words. I was able to answer those two questions on the first night of the Scandinavian invasion with the words, "At this precise moment, Sir, while you are sitting in front of a comfortable fire in hospitable London, the Navy is fighting a battle in the North Sea in a north-east storm."

It was only natural that one of the first reactions of the public to the Scandinavian invasion should have been anxiety about food supplies. Lord Woolton, the new Minister of Food, at once issued a statement to the effect that the situation certainly affects our food supplies, but does not in the meantime affect the public. "We have reserves enough," he said, "to meet the contingency."

The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris who has just died was the greatest churchman of France. Cardinal Verdier felt deeply about the war and about the part which France was to play in it. He held

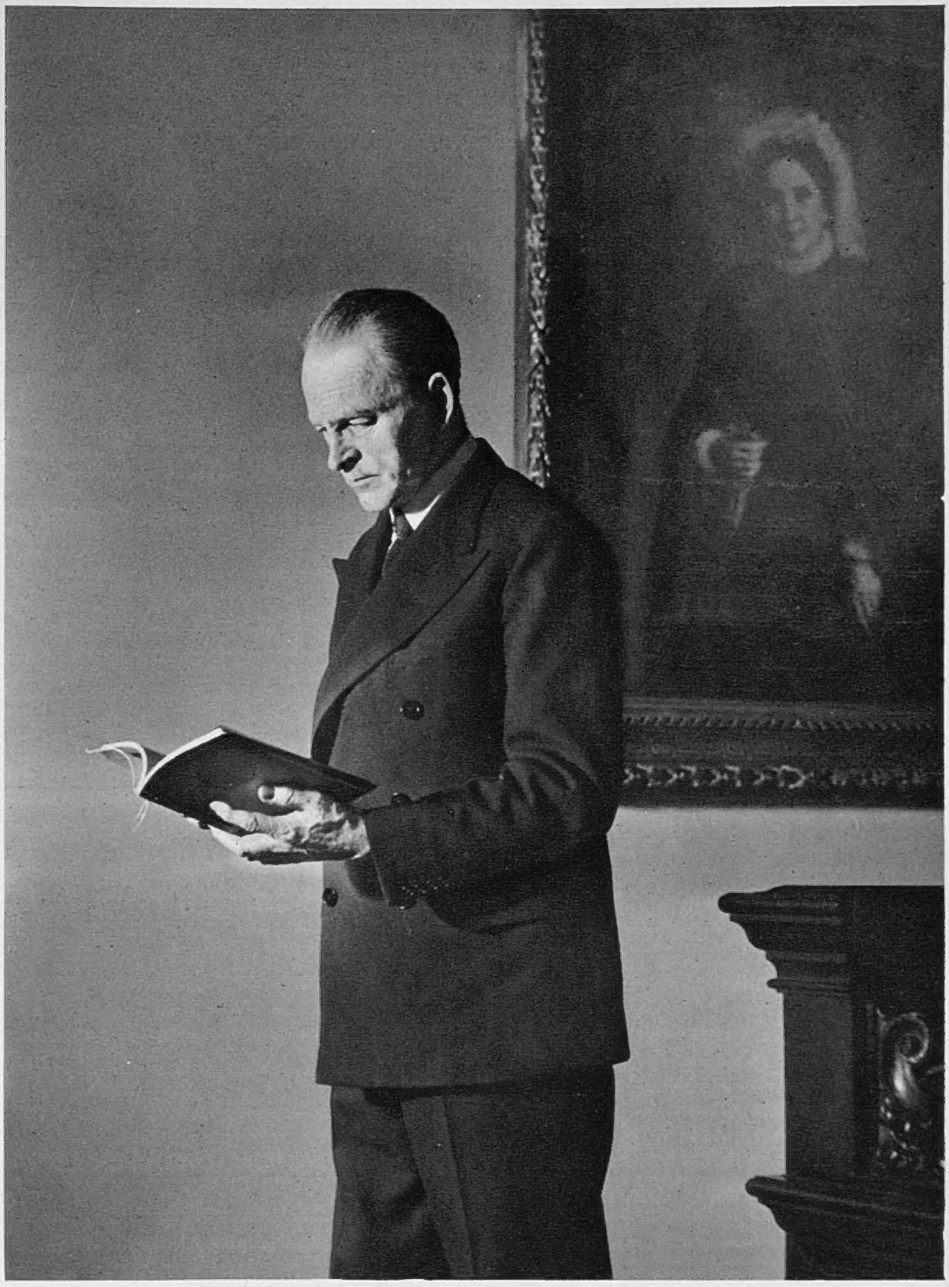
(Continued on page 68)

The "Bystander" visits

The Norwegian Legation

Madame Karen Colban *is seen in the panelled central hall of the Legation on Palace Green. She married the Minister the year he went to Rio de Janeiro—1911. Their son, Erik, and daughter, Kari, were both in Oslo when the Germans landed, he at the Foreign Office, she at Oslo University*

Counsellor *at the Legation is Ingvald Smith-Kielland, seen with his chief below. He is a well-known sportsman, was on the Olympic Ski Committee and is Secretary-General to the FIS. He was in the Army 1913-17, was Consul-General in London 1926-7 (Norwegian consular and diplomatic services are fused). Behind him is a photograph of King Haakon*



The Minister *pauses before a Danish portrait of his grandmother. His father was a captain in the Norwegian Army*

The Norwegian Legation occupies what was, when these pictures were taken, a small parcel of neutral territory in W.8—at 10, Palace Green. Last Tuesday morning the Norwegian Minister informed H.M. Government that his country had been invaded by and was at war with Germany. In the afternoon Mr. Chamberlain told the House of Commons that the Norwegian Government had been informed that " full aid " would be given to Norway, and his statement that we should fight the war in full association with them was amplified next day by Lord Halifax when he said that even if Norway, " under duress," negotiated with the invader we should continue the fight on her behalf. So Hr. Erik Andrees Colban, because of the tragic extension of the war to his country's soil, now represents one of Britain's allies at the Court of St. James's. He entered the diplomatic service of his country in 1903, held posts in France, Sweden, Brazil, joined the secretariat of the League of Nations in 1919, and directed the Minorities section. In 1930 he went to Paris as Norwegian Minister, and four years later moved to London. He is sixty-four

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

***French** Ministre de Blocus, M. Georges Monnet (right), paid a short visit to London to meet the Minister of Economic Warfare. Their conferences produced complete agreement "to develop Allied co-operation in all spheres of economic warfare." M. Monnet was captain in a heavy artillery battery before his appointment by M. Reynaud to succeed M. Georges Pernot as Blockade Minister, is a Socialist, has a family of five. With him here is M. Paul Morand, head of the French Economic Mission in London*

***Swedish** Minister, Hr. Björn Gustaf Prytz, paid a visit to the Foreign Office the day Norway and Denmark were invaded. His country's Riksdag held a secret session that evening, but no statement on the Swedish position followed. His Government, however, decided on special measures to protect her neutrality*

***Danish** Minister, Count Eduard Reventlow, also called at the Foreign Office. But at the N.D.P.I. Committee luncheon at which Lord Halifax made his big speech, Count Reventlow's chair, next to Mr. Rendel, was empty*

The Passing Hour *(Continued from page 66)*

that France had been entrusted with a sacred mission to save Christian civilisation. In a noble passage which he addressed to the French soldiers the other day he wrote: "They continue the great work of St. Denis, of the Kings of France, of St. Joan of Arc. Truly they are for our country and—let us not forget it—for the whole world the defenders of Christian civilisation. To be convinced of this one can only perceive how the modern barbarians are destroying in unhappy Poland all that belongs to Christianity and civilisation."

I WAS deeply shocked by a Question and Answer in Mr. Hubert Phillips's examination paper in the *News Chronicle* last Saturday. The *News Chronicle* is a stout champion of all the causes that are worth while, and yet Mr. Phillips, giving a list of the countries which a yacht would pass on its left-hand side while sailing from Leningrad to Havre, actually left out Poland. It would be difficult to exaggerate the dismay and anger which must have filled the hearts of every Pole who read that list. What are we fighting for? Is not one of our main objectives the re-establishment of the Polish State and the Polish people? Has Poland utterly vanished? Did Belgium utterly vanish in 1914? I could understand such an attitude coming from Lord Beaverbrook, who thinks it is dreadful that we should rescue Poland from the gutter only to be knocked down again as his Lordship put it in a recent article. But from the *News Chronicle* I think it is dreadful.

MR. PETER HOWARD of the *Sunday Express* puts forward two remarkable theories. The first is that if Sir Samuel Hoare can find the way to avoid aeroplane crashes he will have found the way to win the war. I fancy the thing is a little more complicated than that. Mr. Howard's second suggestion is that the British Army should be reduced to half-a-million men. In these days of mechanisation it takes at least seven men in the back areas to put a fighting man into the line, and so we have the astonishing spectacle of a well-known journalist actually giving it as his opinion that about seventy thousand fighting men would be enough to defend the Empire, to contribute to the Middle East Army, to assist Scandinavia, and to stand our share of a Blitzkrieg if it came through the Low Countries.

IN the same article Mr. Howard said that women in uniform should be done away with. "Abolish paint and pockets. And all the women in uniform will clear out in disgust and go back to their normal and useful occupations. If you sit in the lounge of any popular hotel you will see that all the women in uniform have their faces painted and one hand in the pocket of their skirt or trousers." I think the operative words are "If you sit in the lounge of any popular hotel." Mr. Howard was too young to fight in the last war, and for all I know he may be too old to fight in this one. But if he ever views a modern war from a front-line trench and not from a hotel lounge, he might find himself getting wounded and then he might appreciate the women in uniform who will drive his ambulance, and who will nurse him in hospital, and who will cook his food for him, and who will perform a hundred unpleasant jobs in order that he should be comfortable and recover. Ask any soldier of the last war.

THE Conservative ladies (you will remember who they are—the flogging enthusiasts) did their stuff all right at the Conservative Party Meeting the other day. A soldier in battle-dress made a speech in favour of allowing the genuine conscientious objector to have a

***New baronet** is Sir John William Fagge, farm-hand at Faversham, Kent, here drilling for the pea-sowing. He succeeded his uncle, the late Sir John Fagge, who died in America. He is shortly to be married; his fiancée is Ivy Frier, a maid at Sittingbourne*

***New officer** sportsman an Ames, Kent an lawn tenni are all doing th*

***Finnish** Member of Parliament, Mlle. Pohjala, who is second-in-command of Suomen Huolto, the Finnish relief organisation, came to London last week, was guest of honour at a cocktail-party given by the Finland Fund committee at their Halkin House headquarters. Here she is with Lord Phillimore, chairman of the Fund, which still appeals for help for victims of the war*

***British** charities are to benefit from the George Robey war chest, here receiving its first contribution. Mr. Robey (left) raised £500,000 for charities in the last war, wants to beat his own record in this war. Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett (centre) was one of those present at the recent unveiling of the Chest by Mr. A. P. Herbert, M.P. (right). In the latter's speech he said he was surprised Mr. Robey was not in the new Government ("Mr. Chamberlain's repertory company"), especially as his age, seventy-one, was about the average age of the Cabinet*

conscience, and these belligerent heroines hissed and booed him.

At the same Conservative Party Meeting the executive committee had put forward a resolution to the effect that nobody ought to criticise the Government. Mr. Richard Law, the independent and straightforward son of an independent and straightforward father, blew the whole nonsense sky-high with a single question: "Would we have won the last war if my father had not been allowed to criticise Mr. Asquith's Government?"

Mr. R. Stokes, M.P., continues to wage his battle against the Minister of Supply and the Minister of War over the waste and extravagance which he alleges is going on in the building of camps in many parts of the country. (Incidentally, this is exactly the constructive sort of criticism which an Opposition can contribute to the successful running of the war.) Day after day, Mr. Stokes returns to the assault, and the Ministers have not been particularly happy in their replies so far. Mr. Stokes has the advantage of being a manufacturing engineer, and so he knows what he is talking about, which some people might regard as not exactly playing the game.

A new word has suddenly made its appearance in the language. The Minister of Agriculture was asked if he knew anything about the great success achieved by Pan-American Airways in growing fresh vegetables by Hydroponics. Sir Francis Fremantle asked what hydroponics is or are, and was told that it is the soilless cultivation of plants. The New Oxford Dictionary does not contain the word, even in its latest supplement, nor is there such a word in Liddell and Scott's Greek Dictionary. The nearest approach that I can find is hydropotes, which is the Greek for a water-drinker, and which is used rightly by Aristophanes to describe a "thin-blooded, mean-spirited fellow."

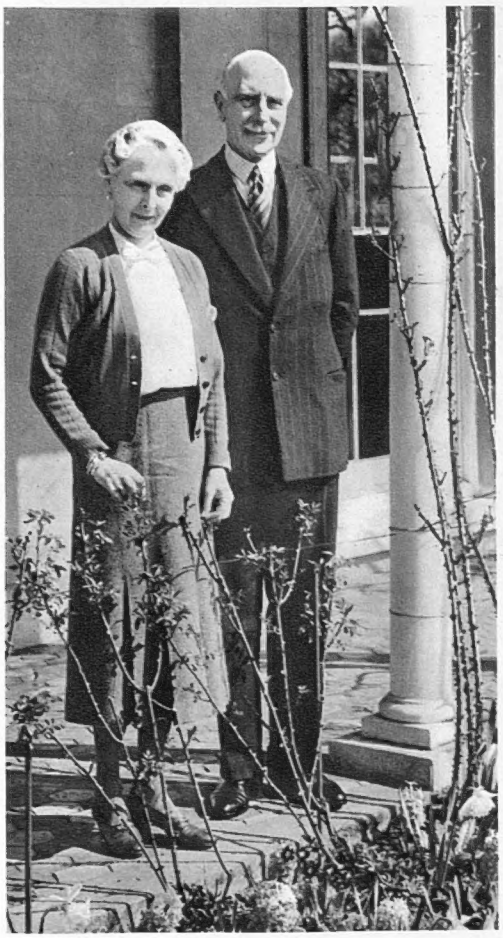
A CORRECTION.

We regret that we gave the name of Margaret Innes, Canadian pupil at the Vic-Wells School of Ballet, incorrectly as Marjorie Turner in our issue of April 3.

of the R.A.F.V.R. are Uberoi, the Indian pilot, Laurie Shaffi, the lawn tennis player, England wicket-keeper, and Dan Maskell, player and coach. These four pilot-officers same course at an R.A.F. training centre

***Dancers** who gave a recital in Cannes are Sirène Adjemova and Serge Lifar. She made her debut at this concert, is eighteen, a pupil of Kchessinska, is also a pianist. Lifar had just got back from Australia, where he had been dancing with Colonel de Basil's Russian ballet company*

***Broadcasters** Elsie and Doris Waters have got a new job—to talk about wartime cooking for the Ministry of Food. Before their first broadcast last Tuesday (when they were photographed) they went to the Ministry of Food training centre in Maida Vale to practise what they preach. "Gert" and "Daisy" are the first variety stars to be put on the air as a Government department"*



Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone

Major-General the Earl of Athlone, is the new Governor-General of Canada, and he will leave with Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, shortly. In 1914 he was about to take the same office when war broke out and he went on active service. The Earl of Athlone was a highly successful Governor-General of South Africa during a most difficult period from 1923. This photograph was taken at Brantridge Park, the Earl and Countess's home at Balcombe, Sussex

Viscount and Viscountess Wimborne

Ivor Fox-Strangways Guest was christened at St. James's, Piccadilly. He is the son and heir of Captain Viscount Guest, Northamptonshire Yeomanry, and Viscountess Guest, who was Lady Mabel Fox-Strangways before her 1938 wedding, and is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ilchester. His godparents are Lord Brownlow, Sir John Milbanke, Mr. William Walton, Lady Margaret Egerton, and Miss Lucy Harington

Mr. Stewart

Venetia Alma Westminster. is the Earl of Jollys in the Buller, R.A.,

Mr. Thorold and the Hon. Phyllis Russell

W. G. P. Thorold and the Hon. Phyllis Russell were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the elder son of the late Com. H. G. W. Thorold, R.N., and Mrs. Thorold, of Silchester Hall, near Reading. She is the only daughter of the late Lord Ampthill, and the Dowager Lady Ampthill, and a cousin of Captain Alaric Russell

Miss Joan Alington and Mr. Wilkes

John Wilkes, Warden of Radley College, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Vaughan Wilkes, of St. Cyprian's, Wispers, Sussex, and Joan Alington, youngest daughter of the Dean of Durham and the Hon. Mrs. Alington, were married in Durham Cathedral. She is a cousin of Viscount Cobham, and sister of Lady Dunglass

Mr. Leatham and the Hon.

Patrick Magor Leatham, 10th Royal Cecily Berry were married at All Souls', wedding having been postponed from bride's illness. He is the only son of Leatham, of Redbourne House, Went- youngest daughter of the late Lord and Lady Buckland, of Woolton House,

and Lady Alma Jolly's Daughter Christened

Mary Jolly was christened at St. Margaret's, Her parents were married in 1938; her mother Cluncarty's half-sister. In this group, with the centre, are Mrs. Charles Beard, Sec.-Lieut. R. M. and Lady Lewthwaite, three of the five godparents

Mr. Phillips and Miss Yvonne Tilley

Reginald Percy Phillips, only son of Captain and Mrs. Percy Phillips, of Southborough, Kent, and Yvonne Elsa Tilley, youngest daughter of Sir George and Lady Tilley, of Primrose House, Roehampton, were married at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road. The small bridesmaid and page were Virginia-Anne Todd and John Arthur, the bride's nephew

Capt. Alaric Russell and Miss van Raalte

Captain Alaric C. W. Russell, Queen's Westminsters, K.R.R.C., second son of the Hon. Sir Otto and Lady Russell, and cousin of Lord Ampthill, and Charmian Iris van Raalte, youngest daughter of Noel van Raalte, of Bursledon, Hants., and niece of Lady Howard de Walden, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Cecily Berry

Hussars, and the Hon. Langham Place, their January owing to the Captain and Mrs. Cecil worth. She is the Buckland of Bwlch, Newbury, Berks.

Sir John Pigott-Brown and Miss Egerton Cotton

Sir John Pigott-Brown, Bt., Coldstream Guards, only son of the late Captain G. Hargreaves Brown, and Ivy, Lady Pigott-Brown, and Helen Egerton Cotton, only daughter of Major and Mrs. Gilbert Egerton Cotton, of Priestland, Tarporley, Cheshire, were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Social Register

Mrs. Ronald Cross and Her Colahan Portrait

Mrs. Cross went to see her portrait by Colin Colahan, the Irish-Australian artist, in his exhibition — his first in England — at the Lefevre Galleries. Mrs. Cross (Louise Emmott before her 1925 marriage) is the wife of the Minister of Economic Warfare, whose latest preoccupations have included conferences with the British Balkan envoys, and the visit of the Rumanian trade delegation

The Pinchwifes *are played by Charles Victor, a gruff, stuffy, wooden-headed picture of a jealous husband, and Hermione Baddeley, who makes Margery Pinchwife into the silliest, naughtiest minx imaginable, sometimes to the point of burlesque. The last time Wycherley's comedy was produced in London—at the Old Vic in 1936—Mrs. Pinchwife was played by the American actress, Ruth Gordon, in her only appearance in England*

Mr. Horner *is a fine, upstanding rogue in the person of Alec Clunes, with a voice that ringingly fills the Little Theatre. He was Harcourt in the Old Vic production, when Michael Redgrave was Mr. Horner. Harcourt at the Little is Alan Sykes. Here Mrs. Pinchwife, disguised, as her husband thinks, for the better protection of her virtue, meets her "gallant" and makes the most of the chance*

"The Country Wife"

Opening Herbert Farjeon's Restoration Season at the Little Theatre

Mrs. Alithea Pinchwife, *sister of Mr. Pinchwife, is Ursula Jeans, graceful and serenely charming in the part, as she was at the Old Vic in 1936. Her wedding dress for her marriage to Sparkish (Max Adrian) is the loveliest of all in a gallery of rich and beautiful dresses (costumes and setting are by Philip Gough). The lively maid, Lucy, is played by Vida Hope*

Lady Fidget *is delicious foolery by Agnes Lauchlan, who also is not new to her part: she played it at the Ambassadors in 1934 (Edith Evans was the Old Vic Lady Fidget). Mrs. Squeamish is Chattie Salaman, and Mrs. Dainty Fidget is Peggy Thorpe-Bates. Another excellent performance is George Benson's gusty, fussy, cheerful Sir Jasper Fidget. The producer is Miles Malleson*

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Hello! Who's the old sweat?"

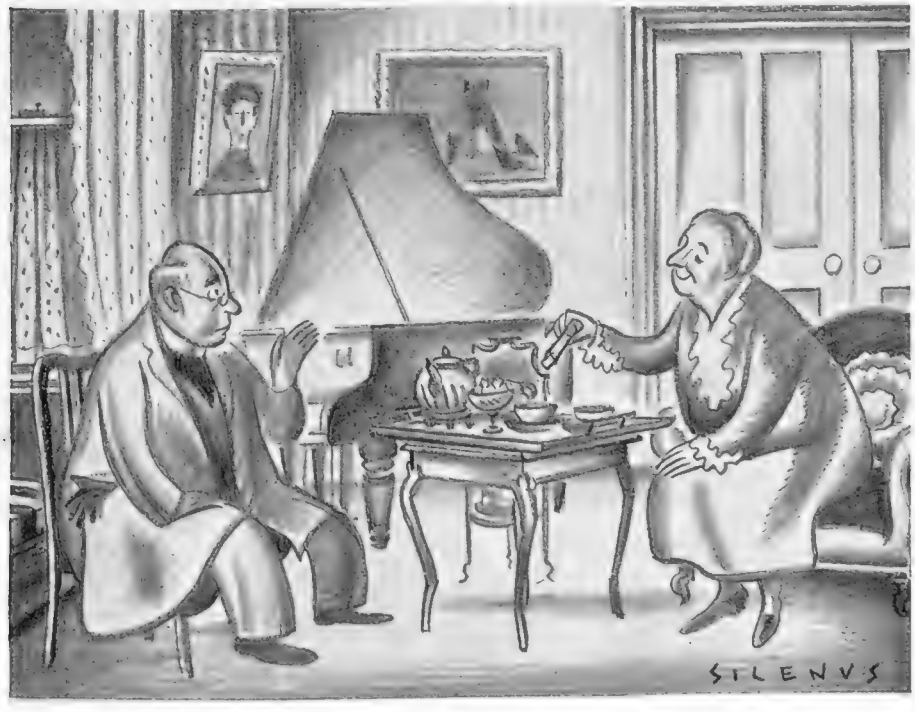
ANOTHER radio romp has panicked the American booboisie. Some time ago a broadcast of a noisy Wells story about an invasion from Mars caused vast numbers of startled morons in the hick belts to flee from home to the high mountains, grasping rusty guns and scythes and prepared to defend themselves against the terrible Martians in a last stand. Now an "end-of-the-world" broadcast connected with a publicity-stunt has driven thousands of the populace nuts once more, and the KYW radio authorities have had hastily to calm the country down. Not that the Island Race can afford to look smilingly down its snozzle. You probably remember the widespread panic over a satiric B.B.C. broadcast some time ago describing an imaginary revolution in London. If our native percentage of cretins is slightly smaller than America's, it is probably because America has many more wild hairy prophets and seers swaying strange sects, a hundred times more fantastic than we can ever imagine. In some of those isolated half-human mountain communities in Kentucky and elsewhere the natives' only sport, barring blood-feuds and incest, is starting crazy new religions, mostly morbid in tone; they are thus the easy prey of American radio playboys, and quite likely even the B.B.C. could get them ramping if it tried.

There is a growing tendency to underrate the efforts of the boys at Broadcasting House. Some of the troops have even described those "Forces" programmes to Mr. Hickey of the *Express* as "lousy." This is a weak verdict. No B.B.C. variety programme is ever lousy. It has a certain macabre force and drive, a terrible beauty. It may purge you with pity and terror, it may put you swiftly in love with easeful Death, it may shatter your nerve, it may even stampede you, but it is never just lousy, like a talk by a whiffling Bloomsbury don. The only thing really lousy about light radio entertainment in this man's country, in our neurotic view, is the byplay between the boys at the microphone, giggling and exchanging little intimate cracks; a truly lousy custom, because even if we poor dumb clucks of listeners knew what it was all about we mightn't enjoy it. Though one never knows what the populace will enjoy. Even announcers, somebody in authority stated recently, get a fan-mail the size of a film-star's. Fancy writing to a B.B.C. announcer!

Scourge

ONCE more the tipping problem rears its tiresome head, the L.M.S. hotels having just started a desperate drive against tips by adopting the Continental 10 per cent. service-charge on the bill. In practice, as every traveller knows, this means nothing at all. Having paid your total Continental hotel-bill you perceive mysterious yet faintly recognisable pans wreathed in congratulatory, valedictory smiles gliding round and about you like guardian angels as you descend to the foyer. Few travellers, stout fellows with chests bound in triple brass, have the nerve to smile genially back and proceed, hearing behind their backs a hearty razz, conveyed in colloquial French by a useful word of five letters starting with "M." Sometimes there is a kind of guard-of-honour of the valetaille drawn up unexpectedly as you turn the corner of the corridor to the lift. The proper way of inspecting and dismissing such a guard, of course, is Anatole France's. When that cynical old *farceur* left the mansion of his kind host in Buenos Ayres after that South American lecture-tour (see J. J. Brousson's delicious diary of this trip), the expectant valetry, standing in line and graded hierarchically, got a warm hand-clasp each, a murmur of emotional, almost tearful thanks, a quasi-episcopal benediction, and nothing else whatsoever. It takes a Scot, a Gaul, or a Latin to deal with emergencies of this kind; your average Anglo-Saxon is a miserable craven in such circumstances, very properly exploited by flunkeydom.

We doubt strongly if the L.M.S. experiment will succeed. To begin with it means, as one of the gossip-boys has discovered, paying 1/7 for a pint of draught bitter costing normally 1/1, and 1/9 for a 1/3 gin-and-vermouth, the service-charge on bills from 1/- to 5/- being sixpence. A decimal coinage would make this excess appear a trifle less bleak, no doubt, but the real point is that having paid it, as we 've said already, you still have to run the old familiar gauntlet in some degree.



"You don't take sugar? Excellent!"

Rite

YOU could have knocked us down with a white kid glove—a kind of hand-covering used by ballroom dancers in your Great-Uncle Joseph's day—when we saw at the United Artists' Exhibition a breathlessly jolly canvas by Mr. Lucien Davies entitled "Fourth Figure of the Lancers, 1900." Not that we were dancing much in that year, except with rage at breaking our rattle, but as the century progressed and we acquired the social graces we grew a confirmed Lancers-addict. The Island Race, we judge now, has never known a more essentially national dance than the Lancers, which partook equally of the Hunt, the Rugby Scrimmage, and the Stone Age version of the Rape of the Sabines, and at any Hunt or County ball was a typical British

blood-sport. Professor Osbert Sitwell in his celebrated researches into this period seems to have missed or ignored the Fourth Figure, where you whirled the women round like billy-ho in a tempest of skirts and everybody fell down dead. When Prof. Sitwell records that above the hunting noises, drowning the band's loudest efforts, there were "rending noises, perspiration flowed copiously, breathing grew louder and more stertorous, there was much heaving and palpitation," he is referring to the "Gallop" ending a Hunt Ball in the North. Maybe in the South the hunting set, being warmer-blooded, let itself go a trifle earlier. Or perhaps our aged memory has become confused, and perhaps in the Lancers we looked (except, surely, for the Fourth Figure?) like the performing poodles to which the ruthless Professor compares us.

All the same, we dancers were not dead from the waist up in those far-off days, and when the aces waltzed, they waltzed like Austrian Hussar subalterns. So did we personally, if you can imagine an Austrian Hussar subaltern with two left feet, glass legs, and incipient synovitis.

Canard

REMEMBERING (for some reason) a certain mild little Bavarian grocer in spectacles and his excessively disagreeable attitude towards us during a certain trench-raid in 1917, we thought it timely of the Press boys the other day to assure the populace with some fervour that the Germans are not cowards, and that phrases in our official communiqués about German raiders turning tail when pursued imply merely that the enemy is adhering strictly to recognised air technique. The same illusion about the adversary prevailed in the early stages of the last war, except among the fighting men. It is no doubt a throwback to primitive times. Very simple, hairy, and savage people still go into action singing songs praising their invincible selves and ridiculing the enemy as a lot of womanish poofs, low-browed, bandylegged, weak at the knees, green with terror and ready to fly. The fact that this attitude diminishes the value of victory and increases the ignominy of defeat occurs, apparently, neither to the honest Bongi-Bongi nor yet to citizens of these islands in the same stage of mental development. Still, Fleet Street has now put this right, assisted by a few veterans with good memories, and to realise once and for all that we are up against an adversary of immense, trained force, skill, cunning, tenacity, and courage equal to our own will do nobody any harm.

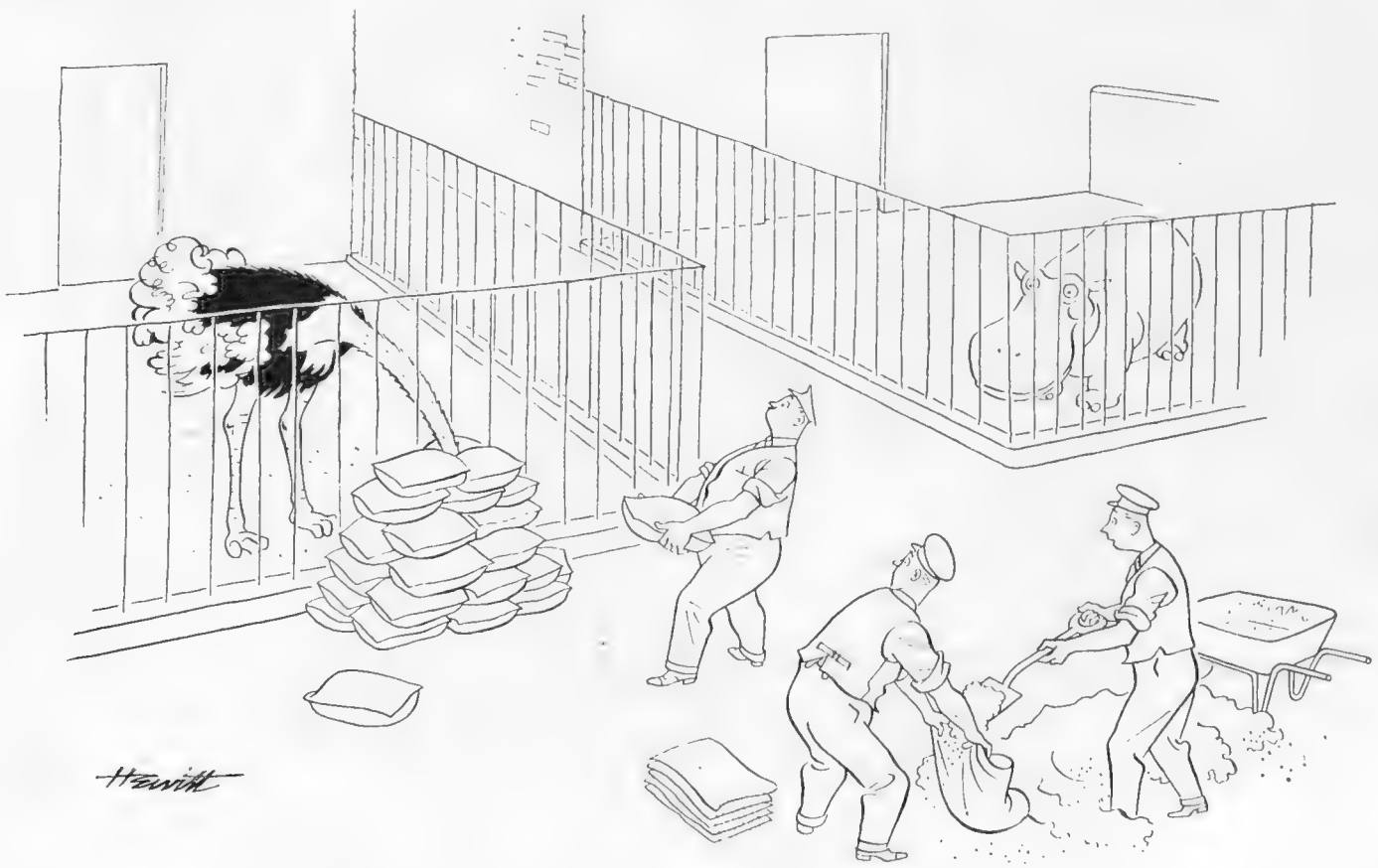
But a certain amount of poetic licence may be accorded cartoonists, for example, who have a traditional duty. Look up the drawings of Rowlandson and Gillray and other comic boys of the Napoleonic period, and you will see what we mean. They always made Napoleon very tiny, ignoble, ridiculous, timorous, and laughable, and the French cartoonists faithfully did the same for Wellington; the function of the cartoonist, as you perceive, being that carried out by the head poet or jongleur of the Bongi-Bongi, except that cartoonists do not actually run into the rough stuff and end with a spear through their gizzard.

Racket

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, which has hitherto exploited the Shakespeare Racket without competition, has now a powerful rival in Vicenza, outside which town are two castles on a hill, one named after the Capulets, the other after the Montagues, though neither family had any connection with either, according to Auntie *Times*, a pretty knowledgeable old besom in many ways. At the Capulet castle, now the Juliet Tavern, with frescoes and furniture of the period, ten thousand citizens gathered recently to listen to music, view the dances, and drink the wine of the district, which is said to be good. The Montague castle is a museum dedicated to Luigi da Porto, from whose story Shakespeare got his plot, and we take it that the branch establishment, Juliet's Tomb (alleged) at Verona, will carry on as heretofore. The Italians have a considerable advantage over us in this racket, since they have the old authentic decor, whereas the annual Stratford jamboree is often carried on under chill, weeping grey skies which make the festival a grim business indeed, except for the jolly Stratford tradesmen. Yet we guess the spirit of Shakespeare hovers slightly more tenderly over Stratford than over Vicenza. Much as the Swan loved Italy and romance, he was, you remember, a keen business man, driving stiff bargains in the hay and wool trade, practising usury, amassing real estate, haling his competitors into the County Court without mercy, and leaving poor blowsy Anne his second-best bed, a typical City revenge. Hence, although the Latins are pretty tough in money matters also, it's our feeling that the Stratford hoteliers and shopkeepers have Shakespeare's specially loving benediction, especially during the tourist season.

For the real lowdown we commend you to Mr. Ivor Brown's recent amusing treatise on the Shakespeare Racket, in which there is one admirable crack we often wish we'd thought of ourselves. It is the established ritual for the Middle West to seat itself for a solemn moment in some chair or other alleged to be Shakespeare's own. Mr. Brown calls this an "argument *a posteriori*."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



More Fragments from France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"No, we don't mind yer stayin' in yer 'ome, Madame, but, of course, if a blitzkrieg comes through 'ere, we 'll 'ave to ask yer to move—compris?"

Films of the Day

Anglophile Hollywood Produces a Puzzle

By George Campbell

"THE EARL OF CHICAGO" has left most of my colleagues a trifle dizzy. They seem to be uncertain whether it 's brilliant farce, a new sort of tragedy, or a little of each. The one thing we are agreed on is that the first half, at any rate, is good fun.

To "Silky" Kilmount, the racketeer who runs a Chicago brewery, comes an English lawyer who alleges that he is really the Earl of Gorley, and produces Exhibit A and other documents to prove it. "This," says the gangster's bewildered attorney, "is a birth certificate." "Hence A," remarks the Englishman impassively.

His lordship, who is busy firing a catapult at a girl friend's legs—we never see the damsel above the knees—has only one reaction. What 's it worth ? Where 's the dough ? How soon can he collect ? His attorney, whom he once framed and had sent to the penitentiary for being stubbornly honest, decides to pay old scores. He persuades the gangster to give him power of attorney, which I found hard to believe, conceals the fact that the ancestral estate is all entailed, and carefully ruins him.

But this, for the time being, Lord Gorley doesn't know. Intent only on looking the place over and cleaning up as soon as possible, he visits the castle, is presented with a bouquet of flowers by a little girl (an impatient sniff, a non-committal "Yeah!" and he hands them back) and received by the assembled tenants at the lodge gates. ("Break it up, there!" he cries, pushing through them like a Chicago policeman.) The behaviour of his butler strikes him as equally odd. The man seems to have no kick. "But don't you want to be a big shot ?" It seems the butler doesn't. His employer sighs and gives him up. The palooka just ain't got ambition.

But gradually the castle takes hold of him. He likes the staircase where an ancestor held off twenty of some mob called Roundheads while Charles I. made his getaway, and the portraits of his ancestors, and the charming old ladies who give him tea and cake and refuse money, and tell him they nursed his father. "Yeah ? Well, give me a ring some time." And by way of climax comes the House of Lords. His preparations for taking his seat are jaunty enough, but by the time he has been dressed, and led in by two huge peers, and taken the oath, and been invited by the charming old gentleman in the wig to come often and give his counsel, he is a changed man. In fact, he never smiles again, and goes around in a sort of trance.

It is at this stage that his lawyer breaks the news. What with death duties and one thing and another, his castle estates will yield no income for seven years ; and his brewery is broke. So far the lawyer's revenge is pretty complete, but he overreaches himself. It seems that as a boy Gorley once had to sit for two days in an open boat and watch a gangster bleed to death, since which he has been driven crazy by the sight of guns. Knowing this, as a crowning touch the lawyer leaves him an automatic. This, I repeat, was going too far, and it didn't surprise me when the last of the Gorleys planted all six shots in his broad back.

Now this, and the trial in the House of Lords—exceedingly courteous, but made a bit macabre by the prisoner's vacant stare and disjointed mumblings—and the sentence to the Tower and preparations for the execution are not my idea of fun. I felt that I, like his lordship, had been double-crossed. Nor was I consoled when the faithful Munsey (Edmund Gwenn) pops in with some pleasant backchat about Raleigh and a large suit-case. ("Your lordship's robes. I took the liberty of bringing them, knowing you would wish to be suitably dressed for the occasion.") A walk down the steps with an official at either elbow, a horrified shrinking from the gallows, a look up at the window where Munsey smiles encouragement, a manly walk unaided to the scaffold, and we are back where we began—at Gorley Castle, with a guide showing visitors a portrait of the late Earl from Chicago. And a damned bad portrait it obviously is.

IF all this bewilders some English critics, despite sparkling dialogue, magnificent sets, and irreproachable acting by Robert Montgomery, Edward Arnold and Edmund Gwenn, its effect on Americans can be imagined. Cecilia Ager, in the trade journal *Variety*, puts it all down to Hollywood's pro-British slant—

> It 's a steadying sight, the obeisance the Metro lion continues to accord its English cousin in *The Earl of Chicago*—a show of fealty to the mother country that can match anything Samuel Goldwyn has ever presented. It 's a steadying sight right now, when the English Tradition is getting a lot of rude yah-yahs from other parts of the world, to see that Hollywood, at least, doesn't waver, that Hollywood, at any rate, still reverently carries on the tradition of British class distinction. Having already done, and splendidly, its bit for the glory of British rule in India, now in *The Earl of Chicago* Hollywood enlists admiration for the exquisite procedure . . . in the House of Lords. The House of Lords, peopled as it is with all the available English character-actors in town, speaks with such a charming accent and manages things with such ceremonious gentleness that it 's a pleasure to be ordered hanged by it. . . . When it seemed that nothing could touch crass American-reared Mr. Montgomery, it was the ritual of the House of Lords that turned the trick. Give him a House of Lords production, and even a Chicago mob-man will die like an English gent.

I mentioned this to an M.-G.-M. executive. "There 's one other factor in the character's conversion," he said drily. "He feels the family tradition. But maybe Cecilia wouldn't know about that." I hasten to add, in case the talented Miss Ager feels like coming out of her Isolation on the wrong side, that he is an American.

In "The Earl of Chicago," which went to the Leicester Square on April 5th, Robert Montgomery takes the part of "Silky" Kilmount, gangster heir to a stately home of England. Edward Arnold is his lawyer partner to whom "Silky," after double-crossing him into seven years in the Illinois State Penitentiary, entrusts his power of attorney because he is an "honest guy"

Who? Not Queen Victoria, Surely?

Anna Neagle is one of the few stars in Hollywood who can come and go as they like, without gawping fans on their heels. That 's for the plain reason that Californians don't yet know what she looks like, having only seen her draped and padded as Queen Victoria, austere and middle-aged as Nurse Cavell. But her precious incognito is over as soon as *Irene* is shown. Miss Neagle is a half Irish, half American redhead in the name-part of that musical comedy, and has Ray Milland as her team-mate. Here she was making one of her rare day-trip escapes from the studio; sat in the Palm Springs sunshine, with the hills behind her that belong to the Red Indians—part of the State's National Reservation

*1. **A film within a film** is being made by Will Fyffe, here directing his commentator, E. H. V. Emmett, and watched by his son (Anthony Hulme)*

*2. **The story develops** with Hitler (Billy Russell) and Ribbentrop haranguing Sir Nevile Henderson on the right of the Third Reich to invade Poland*

*5. **The boarding party** from H.M.S. Cossack engages the Altmark's crew and rapidly overpowers them*

The latest "documentary with a story" is Gainsborough's *For Freedom*, which opened at the Gaumont on Monday. It is a blend of real and reconstructed events, strung together by an unobtrusive story. Will Fyffe is chief of a news-reel company at the time of the Munich conference, working on a documentary film showing the development of German militancy from the end of the last war to the pre-supposed beginning of the present one. His son does not believe there will be another war and, after the apparent success of Munich, the father agrees to abandon the original film and start another, showing how modern social and cultural developments have united Europe. Representatives from France, Germany, Russia and America are called in to start work on it. Then Hitler invades Czechoslovakia, the new project is dished, the original one revived, and the son, disillusioned, flies to Rio de Janeiro—nicely placed by the script writer in readiness for the Graf Spee. A series of news-film interpolations carry the story on: Hitler's taking of Memel; conscription in Britain; the German-Russian pact; the declaration of war by the Allies; the Graf Spee in the River Plate. The news-reel chief cannot get a camera-man in Rio, but son, of course, makes good and cables he is on the job. Men from the Ajax and Exeter helped in the reconstruction of these stirring scenes. So to the Altmark incident in which again men involved re-lived their experiences for the benefit of cinema audiences

*6. **"The Navy is here"** — the British prisoners raise a cheer as one of them reports the welcome happenings on deck*

*7. **Captain Dahl** and four of his men, on the bridge of the Altmark, are held at the point of the pistol by Lieutenant Turner, R.N.*

*3. **The Altmark incident** concludes the film. Here Captain Dahl (well guarded) tells the British prisoners that "Germany will win"*

*4. **British prisoners** play dominoes on an upturned crate, while the Altmark hugs the Norwegian coast on its way back to the Fatherland*

Thrills in a Shepherd's Bush Fjord :

Gainsborough's new film "For Freedom" covers the Altmark incident

A reconstruction of Josing Fjord, where H.M.S. Cossack cornered the Altmark

Pictorial Press

Labour Minister: the Rt. Hon. Ernest Brown, P.C., M.C.

Among the myriad relationships broken, strained or strengthened, complicated or simplified, by war, of none is the peace-to-war readjustment more vitally important to a democratic belligerent than that of Government and organised Labour. The Minister of Labour, Ernest Brown, son of a Torquay lifeboat coxswain, has handled this adjustment for the Government side with marked success. During an unbroken term of office of five years, his powerful voice and rapid diction have dealt with the Opposition and tested journalists, assigned to report his speeches. His success has not been easy. He lost four elections between 1918 and 1923, when he became Liberal M.P. for Rugby; he lost the 1924 election but returned to the House in 1927 as M.P. for Leith, his present constituency. In free time between making election speeches, he practised as a Baptist lay preacher. In 1931 he was appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health and, in 1932, Secretary to the Mines Department. He served during the last war in the Sportsman's Battalion (he was a Rugby footballer and is a keen yachtsman) and won the M.C., the Italian Silver Star, and was mentioned in despatches. He is a great reader with a catholic taste, absorbing anything from thrillers to religious treatises, and his library is the most important room of his unpretentious house in the Camden Road. Here he is with his wife (a Torquay woman) and their grand-niece, Diana Marracott

Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Labour Executive: Sir Walter Citrine, K.B.E.

In the mobilisation of industry for war, Sir Walter Citrine, General Secretary of the Trades Union Congress since 1926, plays a leading part. As president of the International Federation of Trade Unions, his work and personality have also an international significance. Since the war he (with other Labour leaders) has been in contact with French and Belgian colleagues, and in January he headed the Labour Mission to Finland, visiting Swedish labour leaders on the way. In *My Finnish Diary* (a Penguin Special) he gives an account of the latter journey and also describes interviews with the Finnish Prime Minister, M. Ryti, with General Mannerheim, and with Russian prisoners. Sir Walter Citrine started his career as an electrician, joined the Electrical Trades Union in 1911, became district secretary for the Merseyside, and since then has devoted his whole life to trade union and social work. He has written books on trade union and labour questions and about his visits to Soviet Russia. Among his endless activities and appointments, he was a member of the Economic Advisory Council, 1930-3, is on the B.B.C.'s General Advisory Council, and a director of the *Daily Herald*. He received his K.B.E. in 1935. Like Ernest Brown, he is devoted to reading; that and walking are his only relaxations from a twelve-hour working day

Andy Hardy and Friend

If you like the Hardy family, here is a bulletin. A new picture, *Judge Hardy and Son*, comes to the Empire on Friday, whence this swing game of Andy Hardy and his girl-friend, Polly Benedict. He, Mickey Rooney, since making that film, has starred in a non-Hardy one, *Young Tom Edison*; is working in another chapter of the Hardy saga, *Andy Hardy Meets Debutante*, in which appears a "new girl," Diana Lewis, as Glamour Girl of a New York season, whom Andy wants to know; is going to share a new author with his family when Sinclair Lewis starts on two commissioned Hardy stories. She, Ann Rutherford, a Hardy Family regular, has an important part as Lydia Bennet in M.-G.-M.'s *Pride and Prejudice*, starring Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier

Sketches by Rouson

1918 fashion plate: Verna (Margaret Rawlings)

Lady with a way: Lady Mountstephan (Lilian Braithwaite)

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"A House in the Square" (St. Martin's)

THIS completely West End play by Diana Morgan begins where *Milestones* left off, takes us from 1910 to the present day, establishes periods, provides vehicles, starves for a story, and then, at the eleventh hour, dies of forcible feeding. The first act shows Lilian Braithwaite as old Lady Mountstephan of Mountstephan House, supreme puller of political strings, confronted with the problem of a suffragette daughter who has been deputed to burn down a mansion on the other side of the Square at 11.30. It also shows Margaret Rawlings as the suffragette daughter, torn between love and duty, there being a good-looking man around who does not agree with her views. Love wins. Lady Mountstephan utters a number of rather foolish remarks that sound rather wise, and a number of rather wise remarks that sound rather foolish. And Miss Brown from headquarters (watch Miss Brown!) gnashes her teeth.

IN the second act the Great War (the Great Old War) is on. Mountstephan House is now a hospital, Lady Mountstephan and her daughter are now nurses, and their friends are now wounded. Although in this act the daughter marries, although she has a baby, and although her husband is killed, nothing much happens except that the great big world, with its birth, marriage and death, keeps turning. This it must do if, in the act to follow, it is to come full circle. So we listen politely while various members of the company read poetry; mark with interest the ageing of old Lady Mountstephan; observe the daughter bravely fox-trotting with the troops two minutes after the telegram announcing her husband's demise; and gather that, women having got the vote, Miss Brown (whom I told you to watch) is now in Ireland, which sounds very sinister. But for her, would there have been an Easter rising?

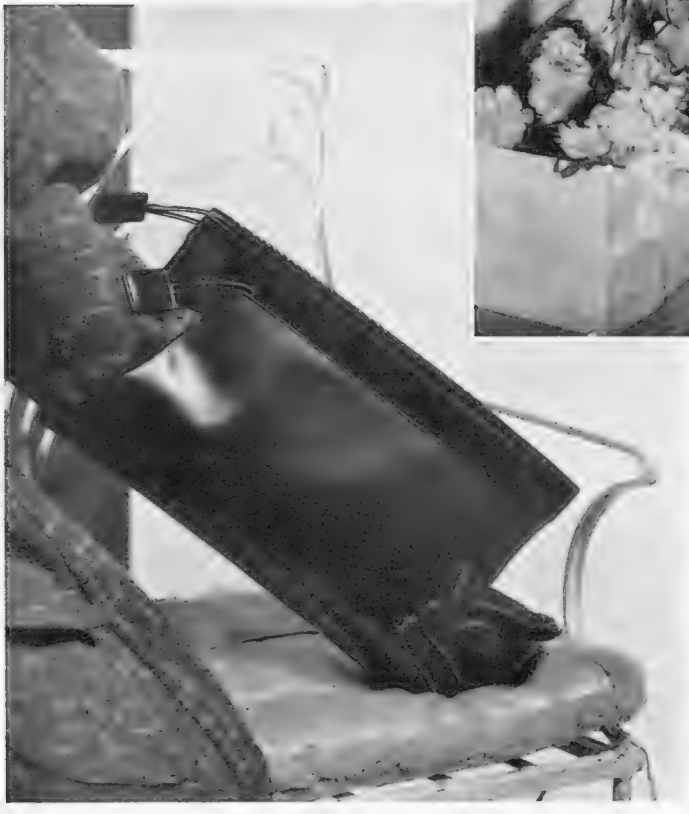
AND now, in the third act, must be repeated the situation of the first. The daughter's daughter in 1940 must confront her mother with the same problem her mother's mother was confronted with in 1910. In order to achieve this, the authoress invents a movement to match the Militant Suffragettes. There are, we learn, Militant Pacifists in the land, who blow up battleships and burn down barracks and, via Miss Brown, have got hold of the daughter's daughter. So, just as in Act I., it 's love or duty again, with love victorious, and Miss Brown unmasked as a "foul sadistic little virgin." I must say, it seems to me that Miss Brown has a knack of being always on the right side—votes for women, freedom for Ireland, peace. Here, it may be, Miss Morgan agrees with me. What she condemns—and here I agree with Miss Morgan—are Miss Brown's methods. But since Miss Morgan (with whom I here don't agree) gives Lady Mountstephan a passage in the last act in which it is strongly suggested that to break your word, to betray, and to do wrong things generally is quite all right if your cause is quite all right, her case against Miss Brown does not seem to be very firmly based.

Miss Braithwaite and Miss Rawlings, however, should be a strong box-office combination. And the play, as I indicated at the start, certainly has a sense of the West End.

Admirers — 1st Great War and 2nd Great War: George Winthrop (Stewart Granger) and David Anstruther (Michael Shepley)

Fashion Policy

White weddings are again the rule rather than the exception. Trousseaux are as attractive as ever, but rather more practical, for no one has time for fragile materials that are difficult to launder. The luxurious cami-knickers on the right, in Celanese crêpe satin, wash and wear perfectly. The lace is appliquéd on and the tiny flowerettes embroidered, so there is nothing to get out of order. There are Celanese slips, nightdresses and pyjamas in various pastel shades which blend together charmingly if you prefer to have more than one colour



Bags are no longer meant to be tucked under your arm and forgotten. The one above, from Revelation, 170, Piccadilly, is carried boldly like a muff, with your hand thrust between the two pockets. It costs three guineas in fine calf, with sliding fasteners and tabs that could carry initials. For the country they have a pigskin envelope bag fastened with a buckle in the same leather. Other bags are embroidered with regimental badges

You can stand at ease in " Physical Culture " shoes, designed for comfort and support as well as appearance, which can be judged from the picture on the right. If these shoes are not available at your usual shop, write to Feature Shoes, 17-18, Old Bond Street. They will send their brochure on application; the prices are from 35s. 9d. Town shoes in suède and calf are shown above, and a rubber-soled golf model below

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Morocco the Warrior

By V. S. Pritchett

"Morocco is the warrior, Algeria the Man, Tunisia the Woman," goes the Arab saying. The small "w" for warrior is curious. I should like to know the explanation. Has the "w" dwindled as the French pacified the territory? For it is nearly all pacified now. A new area, called the Sud Marocain, has been brought to order in the past five years, and Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's *Mauretania* (Duckworth; 15s.) describes a privileged journey there just before the war. He was in the show places, like Marrakech and Fez, also; he crossed the Sahara, went to Tunis, and sat up till three in the morning with Marshal Balbo planning a fabulous tour of Libya. All of this did not come off. There was not time. A minor point, but one which improves in the mind the more one thinks about it, was Marshal Balbo's brief, twinkling account of how he gave Göring a marble Venus to carry back with him to his Abode of Love in Germany. It was a good Venus, Balbo said, but they had a lot more in the Tripoli Museum.

But this is an improper digression. The story is, indeed, more in Mr. Osbert Sitwell's vein than the less ebullient one of his brother. He (Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell) is a grave and sensitive traveller who travels to please his senses, to put finer points on his taste, his imagination and his learning. Travel does not often broaden the mind, but reading about travel does, and every page of this book about places and people I shall probably never see, the feudal Kasbahs, the Djemaa el Fna (that horrible and fantastic square in Marrakech), the mud towns among their almond blossom, the one-trade tribes, the exquisite courtesan dancers with their outlandish whinnying greeting which they may have learned from their horses, and the pure horrors of Africa, like the ape-man of Skoura—every page about these things entranced me as if it were a pageant. Apart from its eulogy of the French military rule, the book is non-political. Despotism produces anarchy, and anarchy lets Nature, now idle, now ruthless, take its course: 25,000 people died in the typhus epidemic of three years ago. The interest of Morocco is its feudalism. The cold Kasbahs of the southern mountains, with their scores of crenellated towers, their suggestion of the first act of *The Firebird*, their bare rooms, their fabulous meals brought in under the wicker covers—surprisingly digestible meals, too—and the hovels within the walls where the helots live with the howling dogs, are Europe of the Middle Ages. Mr. Sitwell is not a dry, factual, frontal-attack writer; he is allusive, learned and civilised. He stands by his car on the road to Timbuctoo, seeing not only the shale of the desert and the monotony of the mirages, but evoking the journey that could be made down to the Niger. The anarchy of Morocco becomes more manageable under his eye. You learn to differentiate between the turbans, to distinguish among the negroid, the Berber, the Sudanese, the Arab races and to note that the violent variety of life is due, strangely enough, to the mediæval tyranny. Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness seem to make us all alike. *Mauretania* is obviously a standard book of lasting delight and value.

Beer is Best

But "Hollywood is the Place!" is the title of Charles Landery's new book, reviewed here. His first book, "So What!", was in the same semi-autobiographical, semi-travel vein. He is now back in England acting as story editor for the Columbia Picture Corporation

The remaining books are about the United States. Mr. Sinclair Lewis's novel, *Bethel Merriday* (Cape; 9s. 6d.), is about a girl who wants to become a great actress, and shows how she was knocked into shape by a stock company and became a real, if mediocre, one. Like many simple satirists, Mr. Lewis has become like the thing he satirises, and is, in consequence, boring, except as a sort of travel journalist with a punch. There seems to be, he notes shrewdly, a confusion of ideas in American life: you buy flowers at the telegraph-office; dances are held in the churches; you buy books in drug-stores, etc., etc.

Mr. Landery and Miss Ursula Branston, being foreigners, see America more freshly. Mr. Charles Landery's *Hollywood is the Place!* (Dent; 10s. 6d.) is the best book on Hollywood I have ever read. A plain piece of reporting, it gives a sinister account of the seamy Hollywood of those thousands who have come to grief there and who hang about the bars, the call-boxes, the rooming-houses and the outer offices, vainly hoping to be admitted to the madhouse. This will be hard reading for film-struck girls. He did not even like the climate. Hollywood, apparently, is not a place, but a state of mind. Those who have "had a break" and then have been discarded seem to drink themselves into a state of apathy rather than clear out, because "it gets you." Of course, the book is full of Hollywood stories. There is the script-writer who did the dialogue for a film about Mary Queen of Scots. An English lord has to break the news to her that she is to be killed.

"I'm sorry, old lady, but you're gonna be bumped," says the lord. And here the producer protested. "It ain't just quite right," he said. It would have to be more "period." Away went the script-writer, and returned with: "I'm sorry, old lady, but you're gonna be bumped. Forsooth." General satisfaction.

As for the rooming-house people—we have as bad and worse here, but something, perhaps it is our class system, sits heavily on these places and people, and prevents them from dominating our life But liberty and fraternity have emancipated people like the young man Albert, who insisted on singing in Mr. Landery's transcontinental and fraudulent bus, "telling the world" he was going to get into Hollywood and, having made his pile, return to swank about in a car before his folks. Albert's life-story is a model. He has the cracked-voice pathos of the gutless braggart; yet by a shrewd and painful learning of the art of bounce, he eventually got into the studios. Albert's success story is funny, but it is also depressing.

A young student in Miss Branston's story of her tour of the South in *Let the Band Play "Dixie"* (Harrap; 11s.) complained of our search for the typical in America. Nothing, he says, is typical. Rugged individualism is a fact. As someone else said, those who don't hang together will hang separately. If the Southerner takes you to his heart, Miss Branston says, it won't be long before he is showing you the cemetery of the Southern dead of the Civil War. The sense of that tragedy and that bitterness still paralyses the South. Miss Branston, unlike Mr. Landery, enjoyed herself, especially the bus rides; and respectable America is enjoyable; other people's respectability always is. I am glad to see she hated Williamsburg, the fake Colonial town; and once she gets away from pure sightseeing and talks to people she is interesting. I suppose the monuments and so on had to be done, and being a journalist she had to see all the other journalists; it is a pity we English can't do these things without being a shade priggish. Her life among the co-eds of Duke's University is interesting. Our passion for Hollywood and magazine America is reciprocated. Here are two girls back from Bermuda:

"I'll say it's swell. All those guys in uniform, an' a swell English accent. We met a coupla sailors; you couldn't tell which one was the Dook of Windsor. Polite is my guess . . . an' all those little houses! Gee, it was different, sort of—you know, like you read about in the English magazines. . . . Ronald Colman's my favourite male star in picture. I like a refined personality. Guess the boys at home are just a bunch of horseflies. . . . Well, wanna wash up?"

Their faces, of course, not the plates. It's comforting to see we've still "got something."

Boating in the Army is more complicated than in the Navy because of the land. Boatmen may, probably do, have to stay concealed in undergrowth as long as possible when getting their collapsible rubber craft to the waterside

Paddling across "the Rhine" go two fully-armed infantrymen to spy out the land for the attacking party. "Practice," it was pointed out to spectators of a recent demonstration, "is absolutely essential, as water equipment will not obey a landlubber." True.

Sanity Fare

By Douglas Reed

The Author of "Insanity Fair" Covers the War Fronts

Riddle of the Sands

THE sands I mean are those of ostrich-ism and wishful thinking, in which my compatriots, in the bulk, still bury their heads, even after the series of violent kicks which they have received in the portions of their anatomies thus left most exposed. Some moons ago, as it seems—a few weeks, actually—all the newspapers were telling their readers how dreadfully dismayed Germany was about her Bolshevist ally's war with Finland, and how anxious she was to get it quickly finished, at all costs, because it was impairing her war supplies. I thought, and wrote, at the time that Germany was only anxious that Bolshevist Russia should quickly bring the Finnish campaign to a *successful* close, so that Germany, under the German-Bolshevist scheme of preconcerted, co-ordinated, alternating coups, could then resume *her* part in the plan by striking from the south at Scandinavia.

The Storm Draws Near

SHE has now done this. The time-lag between pen and publication weighs very heavy upon me as I write, because all I know is that she has gobbled Denmark before breakfast and is well into Norway. One night all Britain was heartened by the radio news that the British Fleet had mined Norwegian coastal waters; next morning, the German armies seem to be spreading ruthlessly over Norway. That same morning one of my newspapers wrote: "Suppose Hitler were to jump across into Norway?" "We 'll defend Norway," said another.

How shall we defend Norway now? It might have been very advantageous for us if we could have joined battle there—but, as I write, the words "Too late" seem to be looming up again. Mr. Chamberlain announces that the British Fleet is abroad in great force—but can it save Norway, now?

And if it is too late, if Germany almost effortlessly enters into possession of all Norway, then the next thing will be that Bolshevist Russia will take rump Finland and Sweden, and the answer to the question I have asked since beginning these articles will be clear—Germany and Bolshevy will be across the water from us, crouching for a joint swoop upon us. The German-Bolshevist pact will mature into the full military alliance. Then Scandinavia, perhaps, though a concentration camp, will not be a cockpit; but Scotland might.

Clear Decks

THE fact is, we have in the last seven months been caught so often on the wrong leg, we have so invariably been slower off the mark than our crafty adversaries, that the war is now no longer one move away from us, but is approaching our threshold, our very house. The remnant of the locusts that ate the years between 1933 and 1939 has nibbled deeply into the months between September 1939 and April 1940. We have not exploited the respite as we should. What would we not give now if the Finns were still making rings round the Bolshevists—and we could have had that.

The riddle of those sands where heads are buried is an insoluble one. It is fantastic, to-day, to read the newspapers even of the past fortnight. One reported that, for some unfathomable reason, "a wave of optimism" had swept the country—perhaps Mr. Chamberlain's "ten-times-more-sure-of victory" helped. All newspapers, without exception, jubilantly reported the mere fact of the call to London of several Balkan envoys as meaning that the blockade was to be made "watertight"—and from to-day, by all the signs, Germany may be in complete possession of all the supplies that Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Finland can give!

It is incredible.

What Now?

FOR years now, and even in the midst of war, this country has alternated between the wishing-well and the wailing-wall. Something staggering happens: a brief excursion to the wailing-wall, to bemoan it, and then back to the wishing-well. Perhaps, if Norway in a fortnight's time has been wiped off the map we shall have forgotten that, too, and written it off as a success for ourselves, a sign of Hitler's weakness and the like. But it would make the grand attack on this country with everything that Germany (and possibly Russia) has, a near possibility again; and after the way the war began, this should never have been allowed to become a possibility.

We can only hope against hope that our leaders, this time at least and at last, will find a way to frustrate a complete German success in Scandinavia, to interrupt this sickening series of swoops, executed with a superlative mechanical efficiency that shines all the more by contrast with our own eternal "too late."

"Policies that always end in frustration and defeat" was the phrase that a (regrettably) back-bench Conservative, Mr. Richard Law, used in the debate about Finland. If we can bring this German adventure in Norway to frustration and defeat—and

***Ballooning** is the latest idea for R.A.F. ground machine-gun practice. Unreleased targets give the range a festive appearance*

***Potting** the balloon is good practice because the target moves high and fast, and good fun because there's no doubt when gunner makes a hit. Ballon represents a low-flying enemy machine attacking aerodrome*

***Following** the reconnaissance rubber rowers come the attacking troops. To cross the river they use canvas assault boats, light, flat-bottomed tubs which are only slightly less difficult to keep on a straight course than the rubber ones*

***No boat race** this, but three parties of attacking troops under way. Nine men per boat is the rule, but anything from six to eleven seems the custom. Co-ordination between paddlers is far from perfect*

anything less than complete success *is* frustration and defeat—the tide of the war will have turned. If we cannot do that—after our eve-of-the-swoop incursion into Norwegian waters—Hitler will rise higher on the crest of the wave than ever.

And if, even after that, we do not find new men and new methods, we shall be on the edge of a very steep place.

Propaganda

THE things that are happening as I write are so momentous that all else seems trivial, but as we are paying millions of pounds for a Ministry of Information, I might as well mention the incident of Lord Stamp's American friend who sent him a parcel of food, believing him to be starving. This episode was treated in the British Press as indescribably laughable and as an excruciating example of the lengths to which Nazi liars will go. Lord Stamp had some photographs taken of food-shops in London, for the reassurance of his acquaintance.

But I just wonder—have we or have we not a Ministry of Information? Probably nobody knows.

***Life-boating** is a side-line of Army river-crossing operations. Rescue crew wear lifebelts, might have to jump in for non-swimming comrades if assault boat got upset*

Some Things They Do in the Services

***Tossing** the rammer is an unexpected part of an artilleryman's training. One throws, two catch. This gun-crew was going through firing exercise with a 6-in. howitzer*

***Tossing** the aggressor is what military police recruits learn as part of the art of self-defence, also, presumably, how to fall without being hurt. Training includes pistol-shooting and motor-cycle riding*

***Trotting** on the electric horse is good for the liver, good training for resisting air-bumps. These R.A.F. mechanics at a technical training station enjoyed seeing their pilot-officer instructor taking his medicine, and being photographed doing it*

***Knotting** is a sailor's speciality (also bending, hitching, splicing), was being polished up here by fishermen recruits. Their training takes place in a former East Coast pleasure resort, now known as H.M.S. Europa*

"Bystander" Short Story

Ash Blonde

By Esther Evarts

Illustration by Olive Wood

She had never been a golden blonde. When she was young, her hair had been a sort of flat yellow with a greenish tinge, which she lightened by surreptitious peroxide rinses. Yet, like all women whose hair is the slightest degree fairer than a light brown, she thought of herself as a blonde, and had acted accordingly. It didn't matter at all to her that she didn't measure up to the popular conception of the type she adopted—she was a blonde at heart. She was slender, but not willowy; her eyes were small and set rather closely together, and their shade of greyish-blue did not match the gentian. She went in for pastels, and although she reluctantly put aside a yearning to be the stately, buxom blonde type, she did the best she could to make herself a mere slip of a thing. Circumstances helped her. She was an only child, and while her parents lived they treated her with sweet indulgence. Her mother spent hour after hour making exquisite underthings for her. Until they died she was their little Hennie.

She lived on in the big old-fashioned apartment with Annie, the family maid, who lovingly carried on the legend, ironing fine pleats into Hennie's night-dresses and sewing blue bows on them. Annie served her dainty lunches and made cookies cut in heart shapes; she reminded her to wear her rubbers on rainy days, and made her drink hot milk at night; she made embroidered sachets scented with violet for Hennie's bureau drawers, and fed the two canaries, telling Hennie she was like a small, yellow bird herself. On the days when the girls descended upon Hennie for tea, Annie made countless little sandwiches of watercress, cream cheese, and ginger, and tiny cup-cakes with pale-pink icing. There was something about Hennie's apartment that made the stout, middle-aged women feel young again. It was so exactly as it had always been when their club had met there after school. And Hennie seemed the same, the youngest of the crowd, the smallest, the daintiest, and the silliest.

They didn't notice that she had grown thinner and thinner. Her movements were still quick, but they had lost the darting, birdlike quality she affected, and had become fluttering and hesitant. Yet she had never felt the passage of time. Year after year she did the same things, selecting her clothes with the same fastidiousness, going daily throughout the winter to extension courses at Columbia University, where she sat in the classrooms taking notes, listening with a sort of blank intensity.

Once a week she took the Madison Avenue bus downtown, to have her hair done. This was one thing she had never allowed Annie to do for her. Even her mother had not known about the peroxide rinses, or, if she had known, she had never mentioned them. And although permanent waves and finger waves had long been in common use, Hennie still had her hair waved with an iron.

Friday was the day set aside for her hair, and this Friday in November was cold, grey, and drizzling. It was pleasant to walk into the warmth of the beauty parlour and be shown to her own particular booth, where Miss Elsie was waiting. Miss Elsie was plump and dark and efficient, and when Hennie came into the booth she discreetly pulled the curtains closed. They had a silent agreement that Miss Hennie's rinse was not to be mentioned unless absolutely necessary, and was then to be referred to as "your softener."

Hennie took off her coat and put it on a hanger, and sat down in the leather chair, which faced a big mirror and the wash-basin. There was a bright light overhead. Her nose looked pinched and red from the cold, and her hair under the white glare looked very grey. As the rinse was not a dye, it always faded towards the end of the week. Miss Elsie felt Hennie's limp curls with an experienced hand. She ran a comb through them until they hung down low on Hennie's neck. "How do you like that effect?" she asked.

Hennie frowned into the mirror. Her hair fell forward and softened the lines of her face and neck. "What do you think?" she asked.

"I like it," Miss Elsie told her positively. "Look, I could put the curls in tight and then fluff them out when I comb them and give you the effect of a long bob. A long bob is very youthful, and it suits you."

"Very well," Hennie said. She leaned back and closed her eyes.

It was two hours before her hair was done, and she felt rested and refreshed. The clean curls were soft against her neck, and her cheeks were flushed from the heat of the room.

"There, now," Miss Elsie said, with satisfaction. "You look lovely. And your hair 's getting to be a real ash blonde."

"Ash blonde," Hennie repeated. "Well! Quite a fashionable shade. Almost the next thing to a platinum blonde."

"Better," Miss Elsie assured her. "Platinum blondes are out. Definitely."

Out in the street, Hennie walked briskly to the bus. It was still drizzling, and she held her umbrella close to her head as she tripped along. Her hair, bobbing under her hat, gave her a carefree feeling, and she shook her head so that the curls hung forward around her face.

The bus was crowded and she edged her way to the rear and stood with her umbrella over her arm, hanging to the back of one of the seats. Looking down, she saw a young girl sitting on the aisle. The girl wore a small felt hat and a raincoat buttoned tight around her chin, and her hair hung to her shoulders. It was wet from the rain, and it was ash blonde. Hennie smiled to herself. She threw her shoulders back and stood erect, swaying with the movement of the bus. Her own raincoat was a soft, transparent rose, and she thought with satisfaction of her tiny feet in their snug rubbers. It was the day the girls would be over for tea, and she wondered what they would think of her new long bob. She glanced again at the young girl, taking in every detail of her costume. Really, she thought, we look quite alike, except that her raincoat is blue.

The bus came to a sudden stop, and Hennie took a quick step forward to steady herself. She bumped against the young girl, who looked up and smiled. Hennie smiled back and shook her head in a merry apology. Once more she felt the curls, soft and comforting against her face.

"Oh!" the young girl murmured. "I 'm sorry."

She arose and motioned Hennie towards her seat. For a moment Hennie stared at her blankly, not understanding. Then, catching the approving glance of the woman who sat near the window, she knew. She hurriedly slid into the seat, and her cheeks flushed. "Thank you," she said coldly.

Really, she thought, we look quite alike

Florence Desmond, *known to friends and family as "Dessie," brilliant mimic and capable revue artist (now in "Funny Side Up"), is perhaps the most genuinely domesticated and house-proud actress. She and her (second) airman husband, Charles Hughesdon, live on the Kenwood Estate, where their rose-brick house was built for them by Lyn Hart, son-in-law of yachtsman W. L. Stephenson. The oval dining-room has painted furniture by Patrick Forbes-Robertson, artist cousin of Jean. A weekly knitting-party takes place in the white drawing-room, a setting which proves "Dessie's" talent for house decoration*

Raymond Postgate *is George Lansbury's son-in-law and a very ardent Left-Wing Intellectual who has written no fewer than seventeen books of a political and historical character. Now his very first detective novel, "Verdict of Twelve," has been acclaimed the best of the New Year. A son of the late Professor J. P. Postgate, he, for some time, edited the Socialist periodical "Fact." Lives at Finchley with his growing family and has an office in Garrick Street, as agent for an American publisher. Dogmatic in manner, with a platform voice and donnish accent, he wears a pink tie, and believes in barter. Said unsmilingly to photographer: "If I lend you my face, I insist on receiving a free copy of the result"*

These Clever People . . .

No. 6. Writers, Painters, an Actress

A. R. Thompson, *the deaf and dumb artist, chosen as one of the official recorders of the war, was busy finishing five pictures for the Royal Academy before beginning work for the Ministry of Supply. He is self-taught. Has a studio in Fernshaw Road, S.W.10: a daughter aged one and a very capable wife. "The Nurse," a favourite in the ballot at the United Artists, was bought by the Chantry Bequest. His sketch of Sir Nevile Henderson, who sat for forty minutes only, has gone up to the R.A. untouched. Fellow-artists think Thompson has genius. Hobby is a "mock" aquarium for which he collects glass and china fish*

Denis Mackail, *who looks not unlike Sir John Simon, is one of the most socialite of successful novelists. He married a daughter of Burne-Jones and lives in Chelsea. They have two daughters. Ann, who came out last year, is appropriately like a Burne-Jones drawing. Her father takes her to the few social gatherings now available, as the cocktail-party where he was photographed with an empty glass and a Balliol expression. He belongs to the Athenæum, the Bath Club, the Garrick, and the Zoological Society, whose Fellows are adopting various animals for the duration and paying for their food. A most expensive gesture*

Sir Basil Bartlett, *now with the B.E.F. (Intelligence), has been writing plays for four or five years. Three were put on by the Sunday Societies. "The Jersey Lily," about his wife's grandmother, is his first to be put on for a run. It opened on April 10th at the Gate Theatre, which had been a fire station since the war broke out. Lady Malcolm helped her son-in-law with details, and family letters, etc. Sir Basil chose the leading lady, Hermione Hannen, daughter of Nicholas. Lady Bartlett, who is a part-time A.R.P. worker at Station 32, is deeply interested in her husband's career as a playwright. He is bi-lingual (French) and the critics gave his translation of "Asmodée" ("The Intruder") unusually extravagant praise*

Harold Forster *has a huge studio which he calls "The Work Shop" off the Fulham Road, and a wife and three children who are evacuated. His talent is for drawing pretty women, with and without adornment. Probably the highest-paid commercial artist in the country; the Chelsea Arts Club critics consider him the only "real" artist in commercial art. Has never had an exhibition, or sent anything to the R.A.; does not think himself good enough; furthermore believes it would be futile to neglect his lucrative line. Was apprenticed at fifteen to Fred Taylor, who "made" so many commercial artists. Did the nude on the easel as a rest from the latest "Black Magic" chocolate girl. Smokes at work; plays cribbage after hours*

A Live Hazard at West Herts

Sheep have been let loose on many fairways to keep down grass that cannot be coped with by reduced greenkeeping staffs. A shepherd and his sheep-dog pup add to the bucolic scene as W. Laidlaw, the Scottish professional, played out of a bunker at the West Herts Golf Club

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

The Next Generation and This

CROSSWORD solvers of *The Times*, who may be assumed to be a staid, not to say early-Victorian community, were once startled by the clue, "Vital sex question (2, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1, 4)." The answer, of course, was nothing more daring than: "Is it a boy or a girl?" Golfers this spring would answer the query with a community shout of "Boy!" Mrs. Nigel Seeley (Miss Isabella Rieben) has a new one; so has Mrs. Carbutt (Anne de Montmorency), both of these, therefore, having potential winners of the Golf Balls of Stoke or the Antlers of Mid-Surrey in the family. Mrs. A. D. Stocks, of Roehampton, has followed the fashion, but her William Francis will be able not only to call on a brother for either of those events, but also on a sister for Worplesdon. Or, rather, perhaps one should say they will call upon him, having both more than a dozen years' start of this youngster. At present, though, tennis is their first love, which after all is only right for children of Peggie McKane. Mrs. John Beck had a second son last autumn; obviously the next generation is not going to help Surrey or Middlesex to settle their feminine differences, though we can look to the day when Miss Glenna Critchley will bring two good golfing names into the limelight again.

IN the meantime, plenty of golf is being played in a mild way, and cards are arriving from all quarters of the British Empire in quest of BYSTANDER spoons. East London (South Africa), Jodhpur, Calcutta, Bombay, rub shoulders successfully with Northampton, Sale, Ringway; and it is specially interesting this month to have the card from New Calcutta which is the member's gross record for the course. Mrs. W. G. Ryan returns it—78, made up of 38 out and 40 home—and though this wins no BYSTANDER spoon, she had returned an 82—11=71 at the Tollygunge open meeting a week earlier, and so heads our list with that instead, the respective pars being 76 at Tollygunge and 72 at Calcutta New Course.

MEANWHILE, Miss Betty Debenham reports that entries are coming in briskly for the big competition at Royal Mid-Surrey on April 25th, in aid of the *Daily Sketch* Comforts for the Troops Fund. Entries, by the way, do not close till to-morrow, April 18th, and players may choose their own partners, whatever the entry-form may, by a printing error, imply to the contrary. That means that you can have a really cheery day out, with none but a bosom friend, who will be lenient to your wartime golf, to note how many balls you put out of bounds, how often you take three putts—or worse still, two chips. The great thing, doubtless, will be to go into it with real holiday spirit, not caring greatly where the ball goes, or what ghastly out-of-practice crimes you may commit, only revelling in the day's exchange from a stuffy first-aid post or ambulance station, or the monotony of some routine job, to blessed green turf underfoot and sky overhead. Let's hope the sky will be blue. In a normal year that is what the ground just out of bounds in Kew Gardens would be with a sheet of bluebells, but this queer year we can hardly hope for that, nor feel the poet's cry of "Come down to Kew in lilac time . . . it isn't far to go," accurate, except in the second phrase. There is already rare quality in the entry: Miss Pam Barton, Miss Kathleen Garnham, Miss Beryl Pockett, Miss Jacqueline Gordon, Mrs. Henry Cotton, to mention only a few of the Silver Division, and a very large bronze contingent. Miss Doris Chambers has promised to present the medals—all of this, naturally, war duties permitting. The golf may not be of a very high order—though even that remains to be seen—but it will be golf, for a good cause, which is enough to satisfy everyone.

ENTRIES are coming in, too, for the *Daily Sketch's* similar competition, to be played at Birkdale on May 21st, although the official entry forms are not yet so much as issued. Birkdale! I grow almost sentimental at the recollection of how many BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes have been welcomed at that most hospitable of clubs, and Mrs. Steele must almost have sensed the vibrations of my heartfelt "Hear, hear!" when Miss Debenham wrote me that she was the most helpful secretary in the world. I can imagine just how perfect the course will be then; if the Fund does not benefit largely it cannot possibly be for lack of wish on the part of would-be competitors to play there, only from the yet more pressing necessity of other war issues.

"Bystander" Monthly Spoons

IN accordance with the BYSTANDER wartime arrangement to award spoons for the present in accordance with the number of cards received, the following are awarded for March—

Silver Division (18 and over)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. W. G. Ryan ..	Tollygunge	82	11	71	76	5 below
Mrs. W. E. Andrew	Calcutta (New Course)	83	16	67	72	5 ,,

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Mrs. E. Thompson	Calcutta (Old Course)	96	24	72	80	8 below
Mrs. W. J. Savage	Jodhpur	100	36	64	70	6 ,,

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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APRIL

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

Lady Alexandra Beasley, wife of the jockey, Pat Beasley, and sister of the Earl of Wilton, was talking to Mrs. Harold Cayzer, Mrs. Nicholas Cayzer and Major Harold Cayzer. Mrs. Nicholas Cayzer (Betty Williams that was) is the wife of Sir August Cayzer's heir, and niece by marriage of the Harold Cayzers

The Hon. David and Mrs. Ormsby-Gore saw their first National together since their wedding, which took place in February. He is Lord Harlech's elder son, she was Sylvia Lloyd Thomas. Her father, the late Hugh Lloyd Thomas, won the National with his Royal Mail in 1937

Aintree Outing

Some of the People Who Saw Lord Stalbridge's Bogskar Win the Grand National

Two young-marrieds smiling together were Mrs. Patrick Pole-Carew, who was Sonia Quilter before her 1939 wedding (is Sir Cuthbert Quilter's youngest daughter), and Mrs. David Phillips, who was Daphne Dukes

Lord Leverhulme came over from Thornton Manor, his home in Cheshire, with his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Stobart-Whetherley. She was married in 1938, and her husband is in the King's Dragoon Guards

Miss Molly Dupree went out to watch at one of the jumps with Lieut. the Hon. William McGowan. He is Lord McGowan's younger son and is in the Scottish Horse

Lady Mountgarret, Mrs. Pat Dennis and Lady Jean Christie walked round together. The first and last are Yorkshire neighbours. Lady Jean Christie is Lord Zetland's youngest daughter

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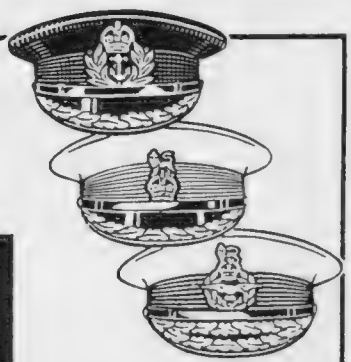

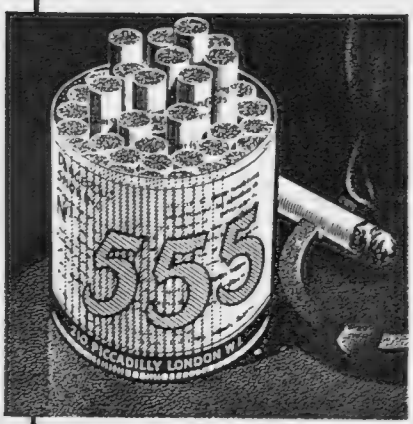

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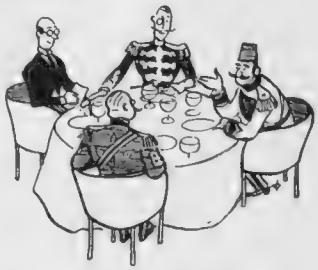
London Nights

Wartime Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

The "Bystander's" Going-Out Guide

The Ritz



Missionaries at the Ritz

"La Popote du Ritz" is still the novelty-feature of wartime evening London. It was interesting to see how my description of the decorations and atmosphere of this very smart Piccadilly *boîte* was mis-relayed by Lord Haw-Haw from Hamburg last month. Apart from the mistakes of detail, which benefited neither him nor us, he suggested that only the "plutocrats" of England could enjoy the amenities of "La Popote" these evenings. In point of fact, as a matter of competitive prices, the Ritz continues to be well below the highest. You and your partner can go and dance (to Gordon's band), with your supper, till the small hours, and two of the new blue Treasury notes will cover the charge easily, wine possibly included.

And what exquisite food they do give you at the Ritz! Whether it is for lunch (you simply must book your table in advance these days), or formal dinner, or informal supper, the kitchens never send up anything off-perfect. I had that opinion endorsed recently by one of the greatest names of the rival restaurant world. That was praise indeed.

Just now the Ritz seems to be the gathering-place for all the Missions of the Allies. You 'll see some beautiful uniforms and all the front-page names.

The May Fair

Viking cocktails and food

One day I decided I must go again to the Viking Bar at the May Fair, and see if it is the same as it was all those years back when I attended its unveiling, and tasted its offerings with a palate freshly comparative from Copenhagen. I had only managed to go once or twice since, and not at all for a very long time, till the other day.

Yes, it is as good as ever it was. The beer tastes Danish and untravelled, the schnapps runs down in a trickle of fire as welcome as ever it did. The smorrebrod (which may easily be the wrong, or the Swedish, spelling) are as tempting, and the cold side-dishes as satisfying as anything in those days at Wiwex or Hotel de l'Angleterre.

A bar, red-caparisoned, with tall stools; or little tables within a yard or two of the bar. Tube furniture, and lunchers as smart and as modern. The Viking is west of the lounge (which is also the lunch-room), and has an entrance of its own in Mayfair Place.

Down the broad stairs from the lounge aforesaid, in the restaurant proper, Ambrose plays to crowded night-time floors. Ferraro stands rubbing his hands at the entrance, and shepherds his innumerable friends each to the best table in the room. And his friends include you, sir, and me, sir, and old Auntie Deborah, and, perhaps particularly, young George who has nearly left Eton. Besides ambassadors, tycoons and the great and small of all the arts.

Ted Ray is the midnight attraction just now. "Fiddling and fooling" is his act, and you may recall the pæans of praise for him in the new Frankau Revue. He is a most pleasant loon.

Prunier's

"The Restaurant is full and gay for lunch and black-out dinner. Four courses and oysters. One can have game, fish, plat du gourmet . . . one can forget Rationing." In these words Haw-Haw quoted what I wrote in our issue of February 21 about Prunier's. Again slightly inaccurately. I don't think I ever use the adjective "gay" about restaurants. I try to reserve it in italics for supper-parties where champagne is drunk from shoes. However, the gist of it remains true for April as for March. Game is less in request. But oysters will be there long after the "r'" has gone out of the month. For Prunier's is Prunier's, and what they don't know about oysters could be written on the head of a winkle-pin. They

(Continued on page i)

London Nights *(Continued from page 92)*

have the first pick on the oyster-beds of the world, and they leave the "r" rule to others whose supply is limited and whose customers must think it their own fault if they get a bad one.

"Primeurs" for Prunier's

And the "primeurs" are coming in the glory of spring. Strawberries — expensive, but what would you? "Crudités" is the name of the dish of raw vegetables offered as hors d'œuvre to the wise and the healthy. Radishes, pimentos, mushrooms, baby artichokes. And more will be added come May. And between these and the strawberries are the "poissons, entrées, rotis et grillades." in the abundance of that huge menu. Have them at the table. Have them at the bar. Take a glass of wine (by the glass) with this and that.

Lunch and dinner, Sundays too. Black-out dinner is 10s. 6d., with those four courses. Delicacies in tins for your friends entrenched? Ask about the Treasure Trove. At Prunier's is comfort, peace and great French cooking. And look there, and there, and there. What a chance for a Society photographer!

The St. Regis

IN a changing world Marion remains blissfully constant, to open your eyes and earn your "Coos!" nightly in the cabaret at the St. Regis. Thus fare the great Thespians. They come eventually to have a theatre named or known for them, a gathering place for their fans.

"Dini" of the St. Regis

Marion is a blue-pencil marvel and no mistake. Recently the whole cabaret went mystic, and Pharos and Farina ("the Two Brainwaves") were added to the bill . . . but at no extra charge to the customers. Their act was a series of very clever tricks. But when Marion came on, you realised that this was no trickery, but the man had got something. Or, rather, I realised it. I wouldn't want to proselytise you. Go and make up your own mind about what Marion is doing with his.

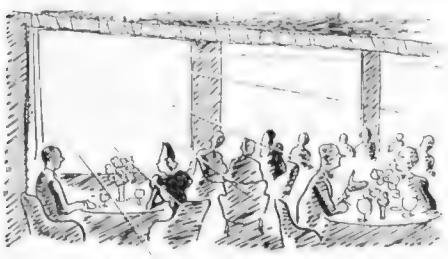
For lunch and dinner all days of the week, the St. Regis restaurant feeds, makes comfortable and entertains a large clientele quite apart from those of the hotel itself. "Dini," whose grace the artist has caught well in his picture, sees that everything goes smoothly, from the ordering in the bar outside to the choosing of the final liqueur from the well-stocked trolley. The St. Regis, both hotel and restaurant, is the stamping-ground of the Services currently. Behind the scenes Captain Birley, who knows what soldiers want and how they want it, steers with a loose rein, but never allows a foot to go wrong.

Dinner and dance, 8s. 6d. Supper and dance, 5s. 6d. Lunch by the card. And no complaints.

L'Auberge de France

UNDER the able direction of Mr. Littler (whose provincial fame and circle of friends are both more than somewhat), L'Auberge de France has taken on a new lease of life. You probably remember it under Bruno, and again under Dertu. There have been changes since those days, and all for the better. The prices are considerably more favourable to the customer, and the 3/6 lunch, for instance, is to be rated with the two other tables d'hôte of the West End that I put as the top-ranking values for the hungry gourmet.

You come in and up the stairs from Piccadilly Circus itself. Or through the Winston Hotel (in and of which L'Auberge is), in the Haymarket. You will find a charming and comfortable cocktail lounge, where the window-effect that the artist has seized on starts. This light-and-air motif comes out more strongly still in the restaurant. Here, for lunch, it is just the western half of a long room, decorated in deep maroons and most flattering to the lunchtime blacks of the ladies of to-day, just as the lighting in the evening flatters their looks.



Light and airy Auberge

Dancing in the evening, to "les Aubergines," in the other half of the room, and the same excellent menu, with the same good wine-list to choose from. Prices are well worth knowing. 6/6 for

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dinner and dancing; 5/6 for supper and dancing. Till well after midnight. Lunch and dinner on Sundays too. Very nice people use L'Auberge.

Go and see.

Oddenino's

Ronald Frankau

THE Western Brothers were a vast draw during that fortnight when their names stood on the board in that patio in Regent Street. (Mem.: Check meaning of "patio.") Which was almost embarrassing, because the restaurant does pretty fine business on its own account, regardless of the cabaret. Since Oddenino's has taken to insisting on the top-rankers of the cabaret world as only just good enough for its clients; and since they still don't increase their prices (they actually reduce, and quite a packet, for people in uniform), the place must make arrangements to take the crowds that are coming in ever increasing strength.

Well, the arrangements have been perfect so far, and they will probably continue hitchless so long as the genial M. Biry has their direction. This week you can hear Ronald Frankau on the band-waggon. (Waggon-driver Roy Wallis, and very nice for dancing, too.) The Frankau songs are as near the knuckle as they can go without taking the skin off, and extremely witty in their own right. Remember that he comes on—as cabarets always do at Oddenino's—at 11, or a few minutes after. So don't wander in late and say, "O-oh, I thought it was at midnight."

None of which mentions the food, which is, and has been for decades, a "spécialité de la maison." Considering that the place is a vast and busy concern, hotel, restaurant and institution in one, it is comforting to know that things like service, cleanliness, and general oomph are not forgotten.

Hatchett's

Pickwick to swing

THINK of a number, the number you'd say would fill Hatchett's with comfort and dignity. Double it, and you get something near the amount of crowdage that Boscasso has to table down as the evening goes on, and Arthur Young's boys start dodging the beat. And all these still with comfort and without indignity. That is a tribute to Hatchett's management in the first place, to Arthur Young (and, amongst others, Stephane Grappelly, his violinist) in the second, and to Boscasso himself all the time.

Swing-fans who have not been to Hatchett's (the prices are reasonable enough for most of them), when shown the list of individual names of the "Novachord Swingtet," whistle softly and wonder how they work in a team. I suggest they watch out for their next broadcast to the Forces and listen carefully. Or get the Decca discs. This is one of the most exciting bands that have come to town.

It is all the nicer, in a way, because Hatchett's is a restaurant pickled in history; and, though Pickwick himself made these "White Horse Cellars" his starting-off place before the journey to Bath, and though the great coaches made it a rendezvous up till a very late date, yet it is able without misdemeanour to go modern, without loss of customers to be young, without extravagance to carry on through its third war (or is it fourth ?).

It is all the nicer that a place so old should attract all the prettiest of London's girls, and most, apparently, of the nation's youngest Service.

Le Bon Viveur

I DON'T want to suggest that when the warrior comes home on leave he will be met, on his first grateful visit to the Bon Viveur, with a flutter of bills run up there by his wife in his absence. But it is true, and, believe me, extremely convenient, that the ladies of members can bring their bridge friends in to lunch and dinner, and not be faced with the alleged nuisance of having to dive into their bags for the money. (Come to think of it, it is rather the elderly ladies, with ostensibly younger companions, nephews, nieces, and whatnot, that one sees crackling notes in restaurants.) Anyway, at the Bon Viveur, Davico is the friend and confidant of members and their wives, and he will see that the right people get the right bills at the right time.

Davico is still cheerful about everything except his beloved name-plate. You remember the "BON VIVEUR OPEN" that used to shine invitingly and mysteriously, and you'd have thought harmlessly, through the darkest night? Well, last time I was

in, Davico was just going out to be reprimanded by the authorities for lightening the darkness excessively. I hope all went well.

For no one must ever think the Bon Viveur is flashy, nor Davico anxious to call the all-and-sundry to his doors. The Bon Viveur is a club, with a large, increasing and well-favoured membership. Its food has a reputation among the real connoisseurs of London, and its wines are good accompaniments to the food. Davico smiles welcome to you in the doorway as you come, and benignly supervises the service of your needs while you are there, saying a regretful good-bye when you at last have to go. Mine excellent host.

All on the husband

The New Queen's

Table manœuvres

"The New Queen's Brasserie, Leicester Square. Luncheon at 3/6. Dinners. Fully Licensed. Music. Open till midnight." All that goes in the statutory two lines of a "smalls" announcement. Let me amplify. Reading from left to right. The New Queen's Brasserie is down those steps past the probable doorman on your left as you come out of the Empire Cinema. There is a semi-attached bar upstairs, the Cresta. And there's another downstairs at the mouth of the great hall that is the Brasserie itself.

Next . . . Luncheon at 3/6. This is a meal of choices from a wide menu. For speed, safety and satiety choose from the selections of the day. For slightly less speed, but still utter safety and satiety, go wandering round the length and breadth of the menu. The answer is still 3/6 . . . and this is another of the top-value 3/6 luncheons of the West End. Though, if you are not wanting tonnage for a hunger, it is remarkably well qualified to supply you with appetising and health-giving salads and entrées and croûtes and all that. Ladies, note.

Next . . . Dinners. Which is self-explanatory, and much in the same line of country. Fully licensed. But as the evening goes on, you 'll notice that beer and whisky are the most frequent calls, the former in deep, heavy and satisfying mugs that do justice to a thirst. Music. Java and his violin: which is enough said. Open till midnight.

Well, I 've been in the New Queen's often enough in the last years. But it is new to me that it closes at midnight. That may be something very new. Or they may call it midnight so as to get some of the inter-Service conferences broken up before the milk comes round. See picture.

Leoni's Quo Vadis

His little booklet was written before the war. In fact, long enough ago for Sir Max Beerbohm ("Oh to be in London, now that Leoni 's there!") to be Max Beerbohm, without his "droit de seigneur" and with that surely unusual spelling. But the thirty-four recipes of the thirty-four luscious Leoni specialities are still mostly feasible in these days of rationing. Item: Fruits Frais au Grand Marnier. . . . "richly ripened fruits . . . mix carelessly . . . crushed ice . . . generous amount of liqueur." Item: Risotto—"melt . . . with slices of onion . . . cook till it becomes golden brown, add best Italian rice . . . season . . . grated Parmesan cheese." And perhaps a pinch of saffron here, some olives there, and some red wine somewhere else.

This booklet you will find on your table when you go for lunch or dinner to Leoni's in Dean Street. Take it away with you and try it on your cook. See if she can, with Leoni's instructions to guide her, reproduce the dishes you have so largely enjoyed and so willingly paid for at Leoni's own table.

Every time one goes to the Quo Vadis it seems to be enlarging its premises somehow. A wall down here and a room taken there. But, though the numbers of his customers increases day by day, the attention he gives to the requirements of each of them does not lessen. This is Soho at its best.

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Motoring Commentary

By "Spare Wheel"

"Ex America semper aliquid novi." It does not scan but it is true and, as in these parlous times our springs of bright ideas are diverted from motoring to less pleasant objectives, novelties from America have matters all their own way. The great American railway companies, having no Lord Stamp to tell a railway-minded Government how to cherish them, have to try really hard to commend themselves to the business man, and the latest scheme they have evolved is a good one. It is to provide motor-cars for the business man on his travels to pay calls in when he arrives in a strange city.

A fleet of 2000 cars has been purchased, to be distributed among 150 key cities, where they will be available for hire by anyone arriving by train. It is not merely a glorified taxi service, because the hirer is expected to drive himself and he may take as many passengers with him as he likes at no extra charge. The cost is eight cents a mile, all in, except petrol, and 6½ cents a mile if for more than 1000 miles. Where the distances between the big cities are as great as they are in the States, it must surely be useful to have what amounts to a private car put at your disposal as you step out of the train, and even in this country there seems to be possibilities in the scheme.

One point to its advantage in the States is that practically every business man, almost every adult, can drive a car. There are about 40,000,000 driving licences current there—say one in three of the population. It is surprising at times to realise how far we still are from being a motoring nation. Only one in ten or eleven of our population can drive; 4,000,000 driving licences were current at the outbreak of war. I am told that out of a recent batch of 500 young men called up, only six coyly confessed to the soft impeachment of being able to drive a car or motor-cycle.

The war has probably not made very much difference in this direction. Learners were turned off at the tap from September to the end of the year and they had been applying for the driving test at the rate of 10,000 a week at the height of the summer. In their stead about 50,000 young men and maidens (especially the latter) acquired National Service licences and have learnt to drive ambulances and fire-engines. Their teaching has been rough-and-ready. Now they are being made to face the driving test like any other beginner, as the National Service licence does not (and was never intended to) qualify the holder to drive in ordinary traffic. It will be interesting to see how many of them get through the test at their first attempt.

Actually, the test is proving a more formidable obstacle every year, so the figures show. According to the last Road Fund report—just issued, although it deals with facts at least a year old—432,000 "L" drivers were tested in the twelve months ended March 31st, 1939, and of these 37½ per cent. failed. In the first year of the tests 26·9 per cent. of the men candidates failed; in the second year 32·2 per cent., and in the third year 36·1 per cent. Women have always fared worse than men at the test—probably because they are more scared of it—and their percentages of failure have gone up in the same three years from 34·8 to 40·2 and 42·5 per cent.

It is also to be noted that the number of learners was increasing regularly year by year up to the war, that the number of new drivers qualified last year (1938-39) included 216,000 men and 54,000 women (exactly four times as many men as women), and that up to March of last year, 1,396,000 motorists had been through the test. Allowing for the fact that drivers of public service vehicles have always been tested, it appears that less than half the motorists of this country have been through the test and proved their ability to drive adequately and understand the Highway Code. When everyone on the roads has been tried and tested—that is to say, when all the pre-test motorists have died or been killed off—the national standards of driving will, I believe, be very considerably improved.

The principal object of the Road Fund report, it always seems to me, is to disguise behind a mass of figures and statistics how small a proportion—an annually smaller proportion—of the sum raised from motor taxation has been expended on the roads. In recent years the report has been still more infuriating to motorists by the complacent way in which it has prated of the Five Years' Programme of trunk-road development, on which a certain Mr. Neville Chamberlain in 1935 promised to spend £20,000,000 a year for five years. This latest report covers the fourth of the five years and from it we learn that schemes which envisaged the ultimate expenditure of a total of £106,000,000 had by then been approved "in principle"—the Road Fund share of the cost being £62,000,000.

How much had actually been expended to date is not clearly stated or even indicated but, of course, it was very much less than the £80,000,000 which was to have been expended in four years, although motor-tax revenue now exceeds £80,000,000 every year (war years excepted). However, as practically all major road improvements are now suspended, the only practical importance attaching to those "accepted" schemes is that, if the proper preliminary steps are taken now, such as surveying the routes and purchasing the necessary land, there should be less than the normal delay in getting them going in earnest when the war ends and employment has to be found for thousands of ex-soldiers and ex-munition workers.

Here are some items of interest from this same report. There are now more than 180,000 miles of roads in Britain, 900 new miles having been added in 1938 (Heaven knows where they are!). Of the proud new total, 41,400 miles are subject to the 30 m.p.h. speed limit. The traffic census of 1938 showed a 19·5 per cent. increase in the number of cars compared with 1935, a 33·7 per cent. decrease of horse-drawn vehicles, and, rather unexpectedly, 11·4 per cent. fewer pedal-cycles.

***First meeting** of the Board of the British Overseas Airways Corporation was held a fortnight ago at Airways House. Chairman is Clive Pearson; to the left of him are Harold Brown, member, the Hon. Leslie Runciman, chief executive member; to the right are Commander B. W. Galpin, chief secretary, Irvine Geddes, deputy chairman, and Gerard d'Erlanger, member. Mr. Pearson succeeded Sir John Reith as chairman in March, and the Board was completed a week later. The Airways Corporation took over Imperial Airways and British Airways on April 1st, culmination of sixteen months' negotiation since Sir Kingsley Wood announced the merging of the two companies in November 1938. The chairman, in his first statement to the Press, particularly emphasised the prestige value of commercial air services to neutral countries in wartime*

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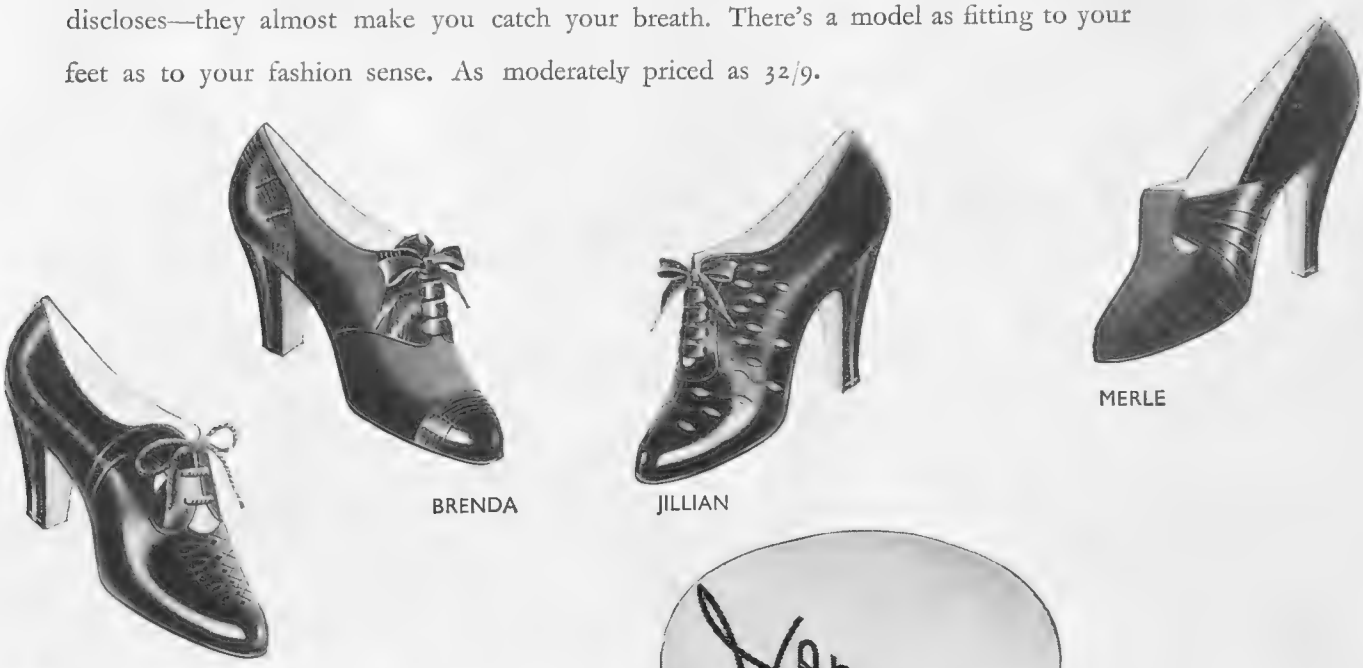

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Bassano

Irene Pamela Graevenitz

Is the younger daughter of Baron and Baroness Peter Graevenitz, of the Wolds, Virginia Water, Surrey, and is engaged to Second-Lieut. William R. M. Watson, Royal Artillery, only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hill Watson, of Grangehill, Beith, Ayrshire

Catherine Bell

Justine Sawyer

Is the eldest daughter of the late Major Harcourt Sawyer, of Lyminster Court, Sussex, and Mrs. Harcourt Sawyer, of 2, Ralston Street, S.W.3. She is engaged to Sydney Paget, only son of Major and Mrs. Rowland Paget, of Lavant, Chichester

Bassano

Joy Irene Marriott

Is engaged to Second-Lieut. Ralph D. M. Evers, Worcestershire Regiment, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Evers, of Rockmount, Stourbridge, Worcs. She is the only daughter of the late H. O. Marriott, and Mrs. Marriott, of The Mount House, Whitney, Oxon

Getting Married : The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

Pamela Mary Neathercoat

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Neathercoat, of Holbrook Park, Horsham, Sussex. She is engaged to Second-Lieut. Ronald Gates Turton, Royal Sussex Regiment, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Turton, of Knowles, East Grinstead, Sussex

Lenare

Margot Pigot

Is the elder daughter of Brig.-General Sir Robert Pigot, Bt., and Lady Pigot, of Old Chesthill, Glenlyon, Perthshire. Her fiancé is Donald Ian Molteno, only son of Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Molteno, of Glenlyon House, Forlingall, Perthshire

Lena

Heather Joan Stow

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. A. S. Stow, of Mayo College, Ajmer, Rajputana, and 4, Pelham Crescent, S.W.7. She is engaged to Michael Eveleigh, 17th-21st Lancers, second son of the late E. C. Eveleigh and Mrs. Eveleigh

Walter Thornton

Joan Frances Graham

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Graham, of 25, Roedean Crescent, Roehampton, S.W.15. She has announced her engagement to Lieutenant Norman J. Newton, Dorset Regiment

Catherine Bell

Phyllis Elwell

Is engaged to Surgeon-Lieut. (D.) Richard Scott Yates, R.N., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Yates, of Cranham, Berkhamsted, Herts. She is the youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. Herbert Elwell, of Wyntersbrook, Harlow, Essex

Lenare

Joan Bullock

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Bullock, of 'Crow Gables, Cobham, Surrey. She is engaged to Sub-Lt. (E.) Dudley Drakeford, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Drakeford, of Shanghai. He is holder of the Scottish Ski Championship

Bassano

Angie de Walterstorff

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. de Walterstorff, of 21, Draycott Avenue, S.W.3. She is engaged to Robert Hugh Malcolm Sandeman, Air Transport Auxiliary, son of Major and Mrs. Sandeman, of 8, Wear Bay Crescent, Folkestone

Fayer

Field — Barrow

Robert Harry (Peter) Field and Felice Charity (Tito) Barrow were married at Chelsea Old Church. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Field, of 107, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. She is the daughter of Major-General and Mrs. P. H. W. Barrow, of Orchard House, Downside, Epsom

Tomkinson — Land

Lieut. Edward Philip Tomkinson, R.N., younger son of the late R. E. Tomkinson, and Mrs. Tomkinson, of Dormy, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset, and Myrtle Alice Land, daughter of Commander and Mrs. C. B. Land, of the Mill House, Elford, Staffs., were married at Chelsea Old Church

Latimer — Cairns

Hugh Latimer, son of Lady Anderson and stepson of Sir Alexander James Anderson, of Foxhill, Elstead, Surrey, and Sheila Cairns, of 20, York Street, W.1, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Cairns, were married at Christ Church, Mayfair

Le Grice — Ward

Charles Le Grice, Royal Devon Yeomanry, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Le Grice, of Trereife, Penzance, Cornwall, and Wilamy Ward, only daughter of Herbert Ward, of 2, Elm Place, S.W.7, and Mrs. Mars, of Chaddleworth, Newbury, Berks., were married at Chelsea Old Church

Mason — Rigg

William H. Mason and Felicity Mary Rigg were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. He is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Mason, of Fieldview, Stevenage, Herts. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Rigg, of Addington House, Hampstead Heath, and Orchard Cottage, Steeple Morden, Cambs.

Sedgwick — Plowden

Lieut. Peter Gordon Sedgwick, R.N., only child of Admiral and Mrs. Gordon Sedgwick, of Lysses House, Fareham, Hants., and Pamela May Plowden, eldest daughter of Admiral and Mrs. R. A. Plowden, of West Hill, Crapstone, South Devon, were married at Buckland Monachorum Church

Pennefather — Curry

George E. M. Pennefather, Royal Artillery, son of Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Pennefather, of Byron House, Harrow-on-the-Hill, and Knockeven, Sheringham, Norfolk, and Margaret Dixon Curry, daughter of the late Rev. W. Curry, and Mrs. Curry, of 104, North End House, W.14, were married at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington

Orchard — Campbell

Laurie Orchard and Elspeth Campbell, youngest daughter of Sir Edward Campbell, M.P., and Lady Campbell, of 52, Westmoreland Road, Bromley, Kent, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place. He is the son of E. H. Orchard, of Beckenham, Kent, and the late Mrs. Orchard

Moody — Bell

Captain Thomas Alan Moody, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Moody, of Exmouth, Devon, and Margot Bell, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel R. M. Bell, and Mrs. Bell, of 5, Belvedere Terrace, Brighton, were married at St. John's, Hove

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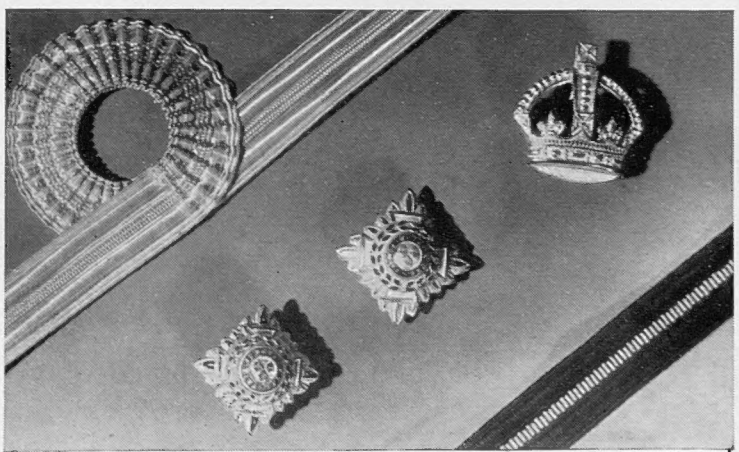

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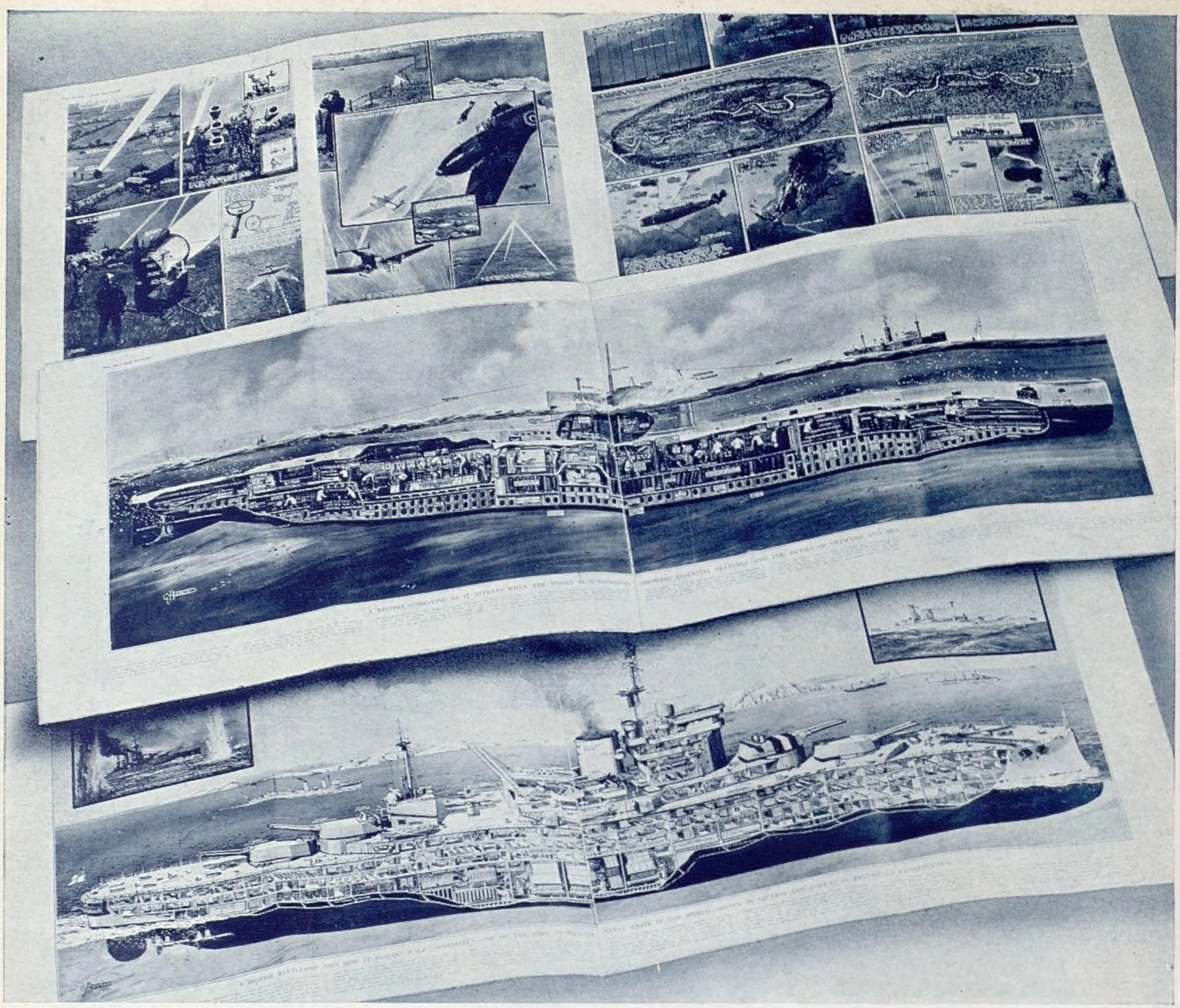

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